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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 140.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 8, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MRS. MYLES KENNEDY

Whose husband's yacht, *White Heather*, is much in evidence at Cowes. She is devoted to outdoor life, and especially yachting

No. 140 —Vol. XI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Mystery of Magdalen." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (John Long: *6s.*)

"The Inn by the Shore." By Florence Warden. (Jarrold: *6d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

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"The Holidays, 1906. Where to Go and What to See." (Walter Hill: *1s.*)

"Guide Book to Nottingham and Sherwood Forest." (Jarrold: *6d.*)

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"Margate and North-East Kent." (Ward, Lock: *1s.*)

"Psyche and Soma." By Wellen Smith. (Grant Richards: *3s. 6d.* net.)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
August 8, 1906

"A Russian Coward" is the title of Mr. Fred Whishaw's new novel, which will be issued shortly by Mr. Werner Laurie. But is it not a little early to put Nicholas II. into a novel?

* * *

The L.C.C. are going to discontinue the Thames steamers during the winter months. Is the middle-class going to allow itself to be thus shamelessly robbed of its favourite winter joke?

* * *

"Are You Thirsty?" asked, in large letters, last week's poster of the *Christian Herald*. Humour is out of place on the poster of a religious paper.

* * *

Mr. Chesterton, writing about monocles, says that a man who wears a glass in one eye is "capable of wearing a trouser on one leg, or his moustache on one side of his face." There is, however, no danger (judging by the greatest living wearer of the monocle) of his confining his politics to one side of the House.

* * *

The Duma is prorogued until March next, and some of our M.P.'s, who are still sitting, and have an Autumn Session in prospect, are wondering whether it is such a dreadful thing, after all, to be ruled by a cowardly and shuffling autocrat.

An imitation sea-beach has been formed at Grays, in Essex. The idea is not, however, original, being copied from Southend.

* * *

It is stated that a leading American meat packer proposes to write a volume controverting statements made in Mr. Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle." This would seem to suggest that a section of the packers take exception to the volume.

* * *

"Will Yorkshire Draw?" was a headline in a contemporary a few days since. But why shouldn't Yorkshire draw? Most cricketers already write.

* * *

The Lincoln Corporation announce that, for the present, the use of water must be strictly limited, and already, we understand, the announcement has attracted to the city a large number of tramps and professional beggars.

* * *

The district messenger boy has come out in a new rôle. Last week I passed one of the species in Parliament Square, escorting a party of Americans round London. He appeared quite impressed by what they were telling him about the Abbey.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

De Rougemont mounted on turtle-back

M. De Rougemont gave last week, at the evening performance at the Hippodrome, a unique exhibition of riding the turtle. After a long oration, Louis pushed the sleepy mammal into a three-foot tank, and made an attempt to mount it. On doing so, the turtle and its rider sank. On rising, however, Louis came out on top, rode for a few seconds, and then turned turtle. The next scene presented was of the turtle riding Mr. De Rougemont, on which the curtain gracefully fell

Over the Hedge

(The Débutante deserts the Tennis Lawn)

Tennis Troubles

Don't smack them over so hard, Ian. They bump up into my hair, and there's no fun in a game which spoils your appearance. Is that forty—love again? Serve three double-faults, there's a dear, and then we can have a struggle. I nearly always win when it reaches Vantage. If the first point goes against you, the man is sure to serve an easy one provided that you look sufficiently imploring. And you can cheat a little if he's got the sun in his eyes.

'Mps! It's gone into the field again! But I didn't *mean* to hit it hard, Ian. You can get the ones in the field, because of the cow. I'll get those at the net. Don't be grumpy. I put on a May Sutton skirt to please you, and I had to go to the ends of the world to get short enough under-things. Men never go into details. If you knew what we did sometimes to please you, you'd die of gratitude. Shall I help you over? It's nice and shady over there. Has the cow gone? Look, there it is, the monster, over on the other side. Run across and throw a stone at it, while I climb over. Don't turn round when you are running or I shall go back again.

Tennis always makes me feel independent. Don't sit close. I feel as fierce as if I had a Parliamentary vote after that first set. Do you mind if I turn my sleeves up? It's so very hot, and it won't look any more improper than an evening frock. I remember I once played in a four at Lord Mountbrown's place. He played with Mrs. Sinbad—we used to call her "The Penalty Queen," because she had been twice divorced and once estranged—and I was partnered by Archie Shea, a man in the Contract Department of the War Office, afterwards one of her co-respondents. They won the first game to love—it wasn't my service—and in the second my racket slipped out of my hand, and hit Archie on the nose. Queenie took him off to mend it, and Mountbrown always said that I had thrown them together. He actually told Sir Gorell that the first time he noticed anything improper was when I made Archie's nose bleed.

"One Life, one Flag, one Fleet, one Throne"

The centre-piece presented by Lord Strathcona, on behalf of the Anglo-Canadian community in England, to the new battleship *Dominion*

A Youthful Reminiscence

Do you remember me when I was quite a child, and you were a horrid little sloucher of fifteen? I was playing with a tennis bat and ball, and you stood by with your hands in your pockets, sneering. I got dreadfully hot because I wanted to show you what I could do. When you'd gone, still sneering, and never having said a word but "Crikey," I asked mother if there was any way whereby I could take my skin off. I well remember her putting away, as if by inspiration, two bright-coloured papers, and taking up a fashion journal. I had to learn two pages of the Catechism that night, and ever since that the sight of a bishop makes me feel spiteful. And it was all through you, and your silly air of superiority. Shall we go and play another game? Hello, who's lazy now? Ian, quick, hold me, here comes the cow!

The Grace of Flannel

Er—not so tight. But it really did look as if it was going to cross the field. Hadn't we better get back? It will soon be tea-time, and I shall have to put some more clothes on. Don't change yours. Men are never graceful until they wear flannels, and you don't look so slavishly devoted when you show your brown arms and neck. When you are dressed like that I am always afraid that you will grab hold of me, dump me down on your knee, and push an engagement ring on my finger before I can scream. No, I wouldn't scratch you if you did. I should only drop your wild love-letters in a place where Papa would be sure to pick them up. Still, write me some more.

Come and gather up the balls. You can find them and put them in my lap, and I'll count them. We started with ten. I remember the number because that is the numerical extent of my cousin's family. She married a Labour Member, you know. We've got eight now. Don't worry about the other two. *Of course* I mean the balls. I expect the cow eats the lost ones. I always thought the milk tasted a little of rubber at this house. Now, Ian, I have got to climb back, and will you please go over and stone the cow!

B. M. H.

* * *

In the great International swimming race across Paris, a band at the winning-post played the National Anthem of each competitor as he arrived. It was lucky there was no dead-heat.

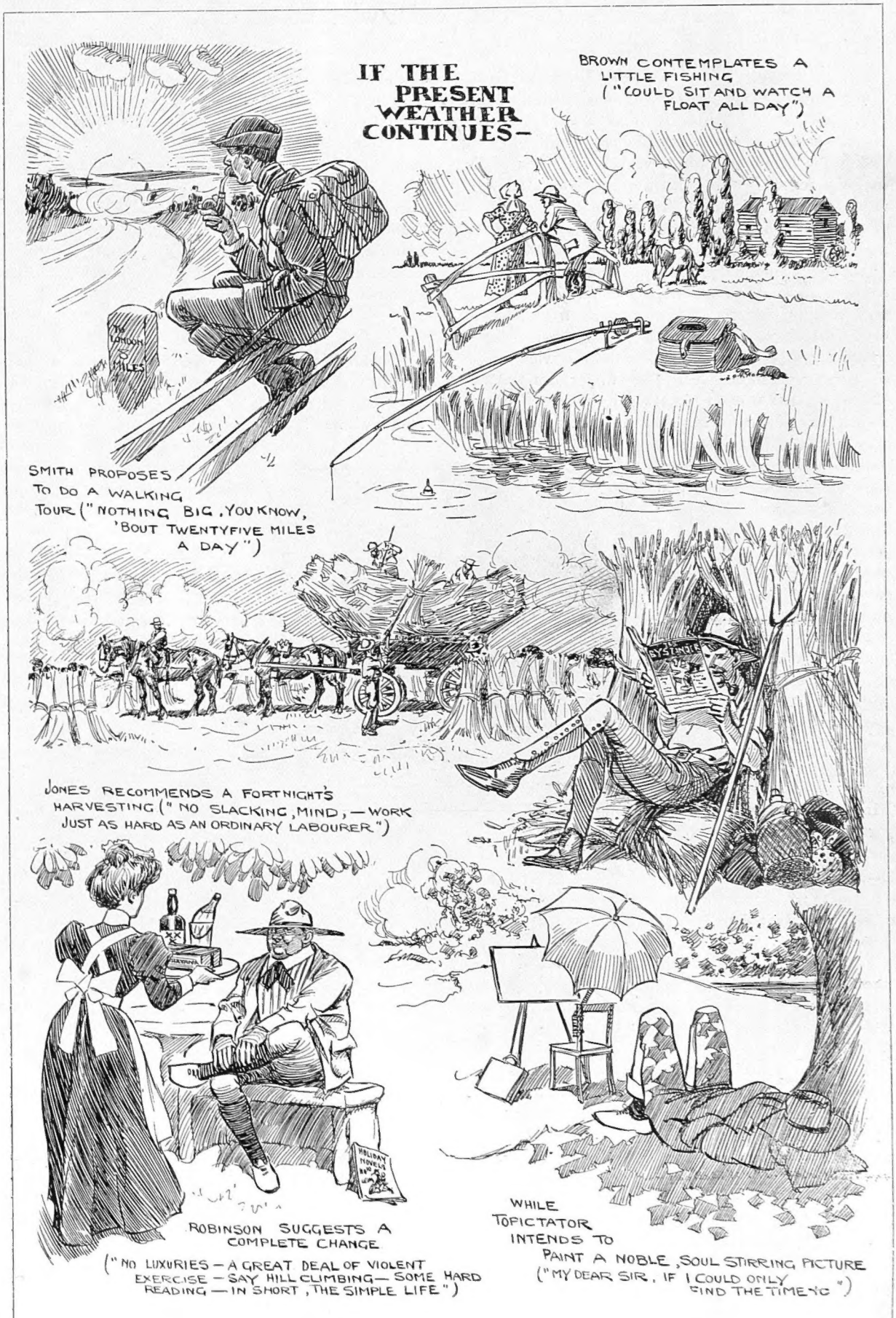
* * *

The *Star* the other day humbly apologised for having previously stated that Mme. Melba was to receive £400 a night during her American tour, whereas the sum was really £800. Most of us wish we had only half this complaint.

* * *

For the first Transvaal Parliament a Second Chamber of fifteen members is to be established. It is rumoured that already a number of well-known English peers, doubtful of the security of their present House, have offered their services to the Secretary for the Colonies.

The Topictator

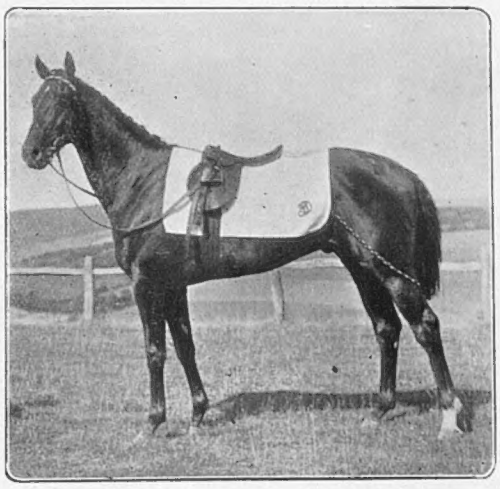


RACING NOTIONS: By "CARBINE"

FEATURES OF THE GOODWOOD MEETING

A Racing Paradise

Last week I alluded to Goodwood as a racing paradise, and nobody who surveyed the magnificent scene from Trundle Hill on the opening day of the meeting would have been inclined to dispute the accuracy of the description. The vista is fair indeed, and well worth all the trouble and discomforts of the journey. Those who are fortunate enough to be entertained at the innumerable house-parties in the district have distinctly the best time, and next to them, those who stay in the neighbouring towns and villages, for to do the meeting from London or Brighton on each of the four days is making rather a toil of pleasure. The train service, nevertheless, was admirable. The motor, of course, played a great part at Goodwood this year, and the solid phalanx of cars ranged at the back of the stands was not the least noteworthy feature of the meeting. But for their travel-stained appearance, one might have imagined this to be a gigantic show of automobiles. The relaxation allowed for the first time in the matter of dress was made the most of, and men moved about in comfort in the summer attire which harmonises so well with the charms of the meeting. The King and the Prince of Wales came each day from Goodwood House, where the usual large house-party stayed as the guests of the Duke of Richmond.



Captain Greer's Rocketter
Winner of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood

Moderate Race for the Stewards' Cup

I am unable to comment on the complete results of the meeting, owing to the holidays demanding that this paper should go to press much earlier than usual. But of the first stages I can speak, and I am afraid that it cannot be said that the racing came up to the best Goodwood standard. The field for the Stewards' Cup was a rank bad one. Indeed, I have seen a lot of horses equally good in a £200 plate at Sandown Park and elsewhere. Among the thirteen starters the three-year-olds represented the best class, but Foresight, who, on his Ascot running, had seemed to hold a good chance, travelled badly in the betting at the last, for the colt had not done well enough in his latest gallops to entitle him to the real support of his stable. Golden Gleam, the top weight, was well backed, but most money went on Captain Greer's Rocketter and Twelvebore, who were reckoned better than Cyanean in the same ownership. The horses were much straggled when they first came into view of the stands, and Twelvebore and Foresight seemed the worst sufferers. There were shouts for Sophron when the field had covered half the distance, but they soon died away, for it was obvious at that point that Rocketter had the winning chance. He scored very comfortably from Twelvebore, who was going very fast at the finish, and Admirable Crichton unexpectedly ran on into third place. The victory was popular enough. But, all things considered, it was one of the most moderate Stewards' Cups within memory.

A Win for Welbeck

The Duke of Portland, who years ago was carrying all before him on the Turf, has been completely out of luck latterly. But on Tuesday he had the satisfaction of winning the Gratwicke Stakes with the far-striding Greendale, whose maiden success this was. Gorgos was giving away weight, but he spoilt his chance by swerving across the course as soon as the pressure was applied. In the Richmond Stakes, lucky Major Loder showed us a youngster of exceptional promise in Weathercock. The way in which he won enhanced immensely the reputation of Traquair, who beat him so easily at Sandown. One of the great surprises of Goodwood was the defeat of the Marsh Marigold colt in the Ham Stakes. On his Liverpool form he seemed one of the certainties of racing, but Auber simply smothered him for speed Once again, the folly of laying odds was exemplified. I know several men who betted the 5 to 2 on the Marsh Marigold colt with the cheeriest confidence, "just to pay expenses," as one of them put to me in the tone of a man who has invested in gilt-edged stock. I dare not repeat his forcibly expressed opinion after the race, but those who have been led astray by these "stone certainties" will appreciate the situation.

The Brighton Cup

This week's racing is mainly of the holiday character, and not much importance attaches to it. But Brighton will attract the customary big crowd, and on Wednesday there promises to be a good class field for the Brighton Cup. His Eminence and Slavetrader, and other good three-year-olds, are engaged, but my selection is **Haytor,** who was so well backed at Liverpool.

ROUND THE TOWN

The Week With Two Sundays

Although racing proper at Cowes only begins on the Monday, the week-end between Goodwood and Cowes is never by any chance spent anywhere but on the scene of the events of the week, and, given fine weather, the sloping lawns of the Squadron Club gardens are as crowded on the Sunday before as on the Sunday after the Regatta. On both days, of course, there is a perfectly splendid band which performs at tea-time. How many people, I wonder, realise, as they enjoy life in the very easy-chairs on the Club lawns, that, in the days of the much-married King Henry VIII., the castle was built for far more serious uses—as a fortress, in fact? Certainly, little remains of the grim elements of garrisons now! The interior of the most exclusive club in the world is, of course, in common with most exclusive institutions of the kind, very simply furnished. There is a restful absence of gilding and red morocco and silk panelling, but there is comfort and seclusion of a very high order indeed. From the "Platform" outside the upper windows glorious sea and racing views can be had, and the great guns in front of the Castle, which start the racing yachts and salute the winners, would most certainly get on the nerves of the fagged-out Society women on the Club lawns were it not for the potent fact that for Cowes Week the nerves of Mayfair, like its muslins and laces, are left behind or shelved for the nonce, serge, cotton, and simplicity being the social law of the hour.

* * *

Lord Amherst of Hackney

Nothing but the sincerest sympathy can be felt for Lord and Lady Amherst in the financial troubles which have befallen them. It is bad enough to be suddenly deprived of the best part of one's income when one is young, and when affluence has never been one's portion, but at the age of seventy-one, after a lifetime of more than affluence, it is nothing less than tragic. The amount lost through the dishonesty of a solicitor is said to be £100,000, but since his lordship's income amounts to about the same figure, perhaps things will not be so bad after all.

Lord Amherst has always entertained lavishly and well at his beautiful Norfolk seat, Didlington Hall, though both he and Lady Amherst eschew the "smart set." He is an ideal landlord, and his tenantry are devoted to his family. He has no son, but six daughters, two of whom are married to members of the Cecil family, the elder, Lady William Cecil

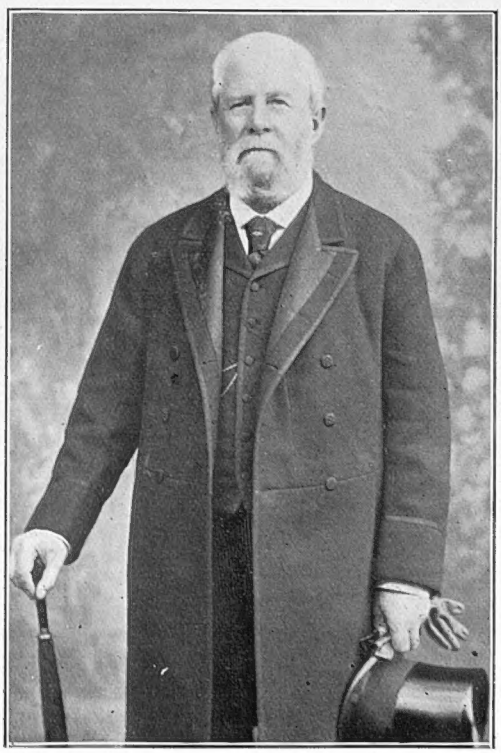


Photo **Lord Amherst of Hackney** *Maull and Fox*

Who is said to have suffered the heavy financial loss of £100,000 through the dishonesty of a solicitor

Photo] **Earl Compton** *[Knights-Whittome*

Eldest son and heir to the Marquis of Northampton, who is celebrating his coming of age this week, amid great festivities, at Castle Ashby

A Personal View of Father Vaughan

(who, it will be remembered, acted as lady-in-waiting on Queen Victoria on the occasion of her marriage), being his heir by special remainder. Lord Amherst of Hackney was one of Lord Salisbury's creations in the peerage.

* * *

Father Vaughan's Audience

The Sunday before Goodwood, being wet, I stayed in Town, and gave myself a treat. I went, at four o'clock, to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, and heard, for the first time, Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon on the "Sins of the Fast Smart Set." At half-past three—half an hour before the service began—the beautiful church was crammed to suffocation; but with what? With the Smart Set? Not a bit of it. The Smart Set, in fact, was conspicuous by its absence. In its stead, were pushing, perspiring women from Brixton and Brompton and the purlieus of Hampstead, wearing on their faces that look one sees on the same women in the pit of a theatre where the play is what Father Vaughan would call "questionable." I hold no brief for the Fast Smart Set—who could, indeed? But I question whether it could have pushed and struggled and sat on the side-chapel-altar steps and drunk in the gospel of the modern Magdalene with a more vulgar vigour or a more greedy relish than did this virtuous suburban congregation, which is "smart" neither in its frocks, its vices, nor its virtues. Fortunately, Father Vaughan's discourses are widely reported by the Press, however—the number of *Daily Telegraphs* sold at Victoria on the Monday after was, I believe, quite abnormal—and so, in spite of their absence from Farm Street, many a social sinner on her or his way to Goodwood, was provided with that much-desired thing, a new sensation.

* * *

The Father Himself

Father Vaughan himself, of course, is one of the gentlest, and most charming, and most intellectual men of our day. Without that personal magnetism which forms so great a part of the equipment of the Bishop of London, he draws and fascinates you by his earnestness, by his tremendous psychological insight, and by his withering contempt for what he contemptuously designates the "vulgar sins" of that section of Society he flagellates. He speaks with an intense simplicity, and with little or no suggestion of the preacher; he just calls a spade a spade. But his "My Beloved Brethren" comprises as great a sympathy with the sinner as with the saint; and with it all, one's abiding impression is that he is a perfect type of English gentleman. It is, indeed, almost sad to reflect that such a workman should have to work on such barren soil; on beings without souls to save, and also without the moral decency to hide the fact, and through the medium, too, of that section of the middle class which gloats over the divorce columns

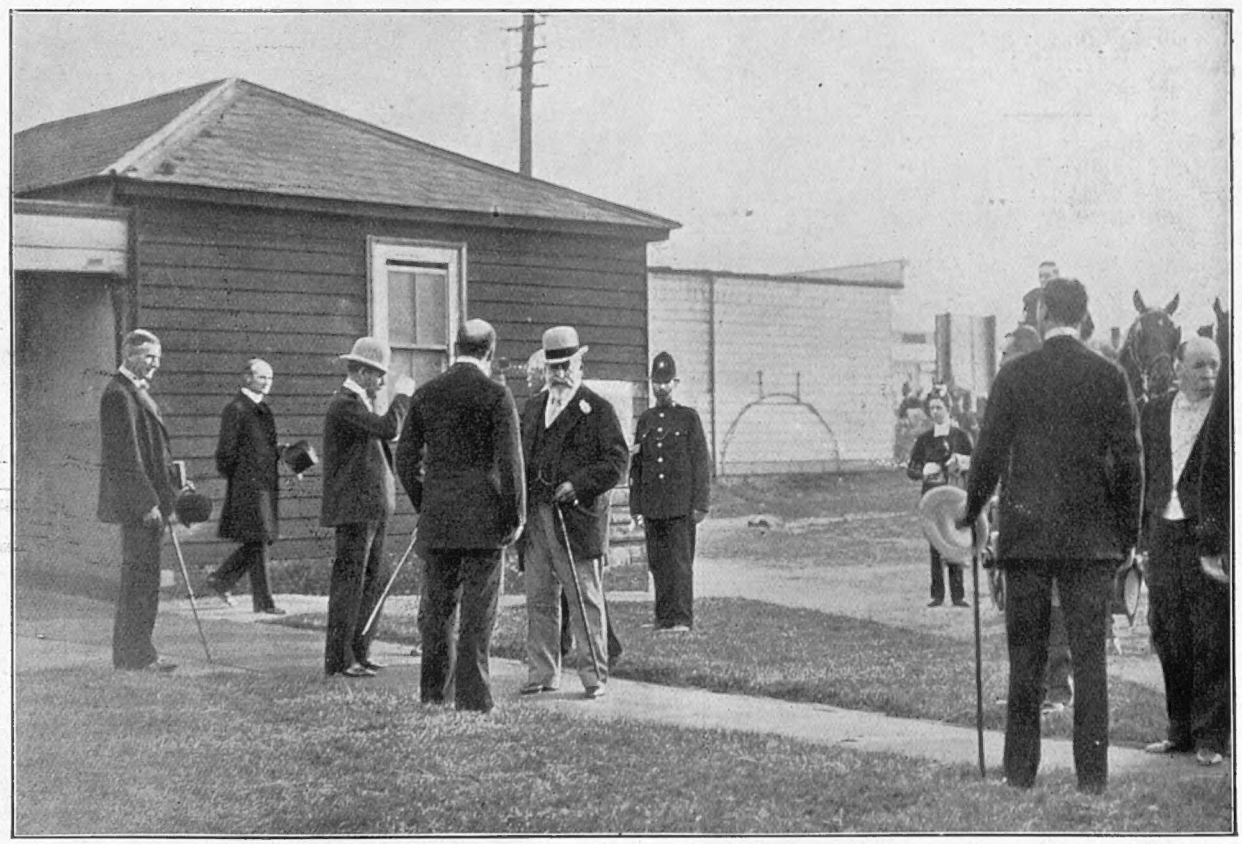


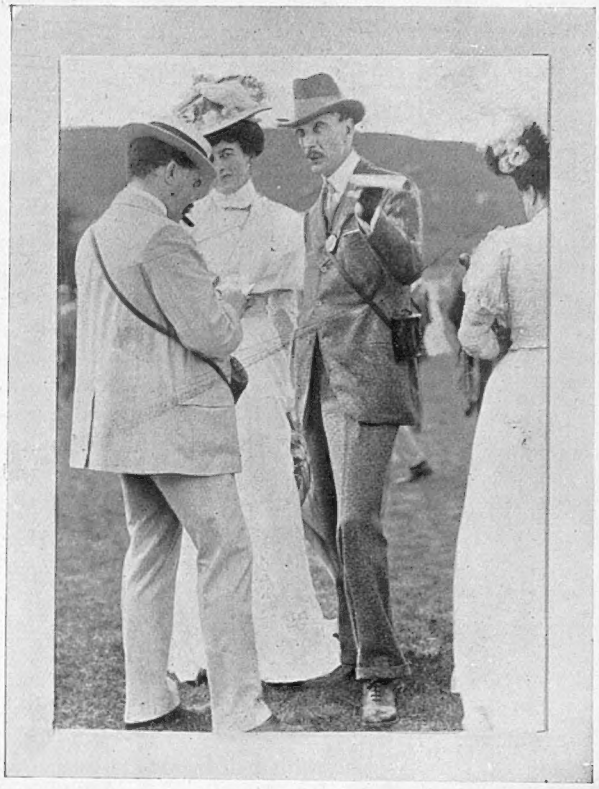
Photo *Illustration Bureau*

The King en route for Goodwood: Arrival at Chichester Station

His Majesty, who, in common with most of the male visitors this year, was dressed in a lounge suit and felt hat (white), drove from Chichester in a four-horse Royal carriage, accompanied by the Duke of Richmond and the Russian Ambassador. The Prince of Wales is above seen greeting his father (on the left)

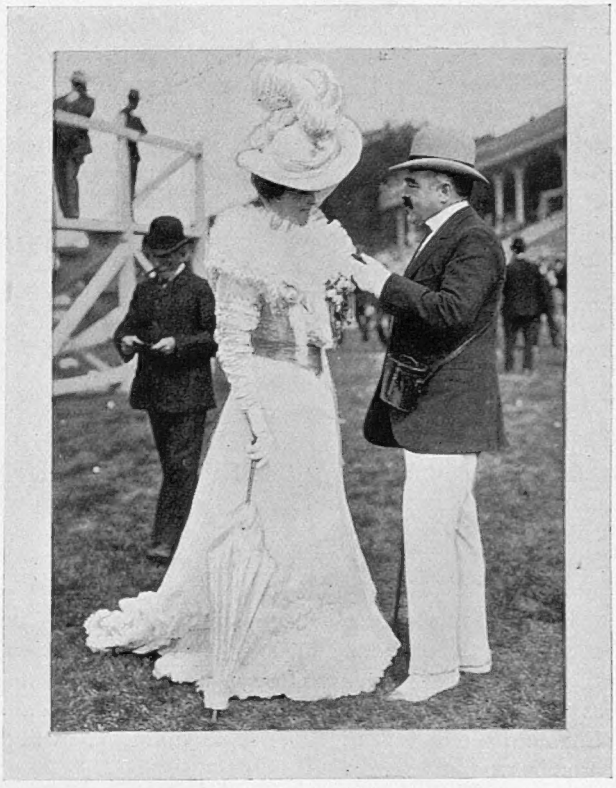
A Glorious But Quiet Goodwood

SOME OF THE WELL-KNOWN VISITORS



Photos

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and Mrs. Willie Cawson in the paddock



Illustrations Bureau

The Marquis de Soveral (Portuguese Ambassador) and Princess Henry of Pless

Goodwood: Round sale ring in the paddock

Goodwood was as glorious as ever this year, and Society seemed more than ever joyous at the arrival of the last of its conventional functions, after which it distributes itself to the uttermost parts of the earth. Its weariness of sin (perhaps induced by certain clerical orations) showed itself, inasmuch as the betting was distinctly less active, and money more carefully handled than for many years past

A Rather Remarkable Randlord

of the newspapers, and, as I said before, flocks to the "doubtful" plays. Truly, there is a mediocrity about such second-hand sinning which almost persuades one that it were better to sin as the Smart Set sin—openly and without shame.

* * *

Sir James Fitzpatrick

The tense apprehensiveness of public opinion, induced by the announcement of the Government's South African policy, and the tales from the Rand telling of distress and depression on the one hand, and enormous outputs and vast mining profits on the other, in regard to affairs South African, have drawn a good deal of public interest towards the political mission of Mr. Abe Bailey, Sir William van Halsteyn, and Sir James Fitzpatrick. All three men, though their names to the home-hugging Briton do not convey so very much, are about as well known on the Rand as are, say, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Roberts at home. Now a prominent member of the house of Eckstein, Sir James Fitzpatrick has seen South Africa in most of its varying shades. With the late Mr. Beit, he travelled through Mashonaland in 1891, and immortalised their experience in his book, "Through Mashonaland with Pick and Pen," and what he does not know about South Africa is said, even by his enemies, to be scarcely worth knowing.

Photo *Elliott & Fry*

Sir James Fitzpatrick

A prominent Randlord, member of the House of Eckstein, and author, now on a political mission in connection with the Transvaal, with Mr. Abe Bailey and Sir William van Halsteyn

* * *

Some of the People There

The presence of one or two popular monarchs, especially when accompanied by their consorts, invariably has an enlivening effect on a social function in this eminently snobbish England of ours. This year's Cowes, therefore, promises to be almost a record one, and very few of its regular patrons are absent. One of the best known of them, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, has again taken Egypt House, and has a large party there, which includes Mrs. Cornwallis West and Mrs. George Keppel, while her sisters, Lady Lister-Kaye and that very keen yachtswoman, Miss Yznaga, are much to the fore. Mrs. Ronald Greville, Mrs. Alex. Greville, and Mrs. Gervase Beckett are also amongst the favoured few who invariably entertain or visit Royalty during the week; but, of course, the great hostess of the week is Viscountess Gort, whose parties at East Cowes Castle are an annual and invariably successful event. The Gort family, it will be remembered, have made a positive habit of marrying heiresses, the Viscountess having been herself of their number; indeed, East Cowes Castle itself came into the family by the marriage of the present Viscount's great-grandfather with the wealthy Mrs. Tudor, the intrepid lady who put the royal arms of the Tudor Kings over the Castle gates, but was ordered to remove them immediately by Queen Victoria!

Photo] **Viscountess Gort** [*Kirk and Sons*

One of the chief hostesses at Cowes this week

* * *

Popular Yachts

Popular yachts, like popular Royalties, are public benefactors. That vast section of the London world which does not go to Cowes would feel it had been meanly defrauded of a natural right did it not read in its favourite morning paper, that Sir Thomas Lipton had a gay party on the *Erin*; that Lord Brassey's good old *Sunbeam* was afloat; that the Kaiser's *Meteor* was flying around; and that the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, the Duke of Leeds on the *Aries*, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam on the *Kathleen*, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould, representing America, on the *Niagara*, were amongst the hosts and hostesses of the wonderful Week. It, the public, would also, perhaps, be rather surprised and distinctly hurt if they found no mention of Lord Lonsdale's *Norseman*, of Lord Iveagh's *Cetonia*, or even of Lord Howard de Walden's *Branwen*; but, of course, with that large-mindedness for which the B.P. is noted, it is at the same time quite willing to admit that there may possibly be a few others on the water. To-day (Wednesday), of course, the chief event is the racing for the German Emperor's Cup, but one of

The Canterbury Week

SOME HISTORIC SPOTS IN CHAUCER'S CITY

Christ Church Gate
A beautiful specimen of perpendicular work

The South-West Porch
The chief entrance to the Cathedral

The Cradle of English history
View of the Cathedral and City from the West Gate

The West Gate and the Falstaff Inn
The ironwork of the inn sign is a very fine piece of work

Old-world streets and lanes
St. Margaret Street and Mercery Lane

Three Notable Yachtswomen at Cowes

Mrs. George Cornwallis West

The mother of Mr. Winston Churchill will be present at Cowes, the guest of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester

the most interesting events of the week will be the Lady Dudley Challenge Cup Match for the 52-footers, in which Mrs. Turner Farley's American-built yacht *Sonya* will compete. Mrs. Turner Farley and her daughter are the keenest of yachtswomen. They almost live on their yacht, and Miss Farley often steers in Corinthian races—a by no means light task, as anyone who has steered a 52-foot yacht in a stiff breeze, and for several hours at a stretch, will agree. Other keen helmswomen who seldom fail to race on the Solent include Lady Oliphant, Miss Hughes and Miss Barbara Hughes, Miss Bucknill, and Mrs. Allen, whose yachts *Sorais I.*, *II.*, and *III.*, have gained innumerable flags.

* * *

A "Lady Hamilton" Yachtswoman

The well-known *White Heather*, Mr. Myles Kennedy's yawl, has, this year, made her *début* as a cutter rig, having already lifted prizes at Ostend for the King of the Belgians' Cup, and at Kingstown, last June, for the King's Cup. Mrs. Myles Kennedy, its owner's charming wife, has been one of the most admired and most popular of the young married women of the past season. Someone said, only he was rather prejudiced, that what Mrs. Myles Kennedy could not do was not worth doing. Without going quite so far as that, however, it is quite true that Mrs. Myles Kennedy combines those two rarest of companions—beauty and brains. Besides being keen on all outdoor pursuits, of which yachting is not the least favoured, Mrs. Kennedy is a positive past-master of what are commonly known as parlour tricks, singing, playing the piano and the modest mandoline, with a very fair amount of success in each case. Full of energy and enthusiasm, Mrs. Myles Kennedy rather belies her character by dressing in the style of Lady Hamilton when that fascinating lady was posing to Romney as a "Country Girl," and though very much a woman, she has the appealing, picturesque, childlike appearance which formed so great a part of the charm of Nelson's dearest friend, and which is so very much in vogue just now.

Photo *Kirk and Sons*

The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel

Who is staying at Cowes with Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester

Photo] **The Lady Dudley Challenge Cup: A Competitor** [*Kirk and Sons*

Miss Turner Farley on her American-built yacht, the *Sonya*. Mrs. and Miss Farley are among the keenest and cleverest yachtswomen of the day

Steam Yachts at Cowes

Photos

The King of Spain's yacht "Giralda"

On which King Alfonso and Queen Victoria will attend the Regatta this year

Kirk and Sons

"Aries," the yacht of the Duke of Leeds, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Photo *Stephen Cribb*

The most exclusive Club in the world

The Royal Yacht Squadron's club-house and stage at Cowes

The presence of King Edward and the King and Queen of Spain at Cowes this year, as well as all the best-known members of the yachting fraternity, some of whose yachts are seen above and below, ensures a brilliant Regatta. The King of Spain's visit, with Queen Victoria, being a little unexpected, and a little unusual, so soon after "Princess Ena's" wedding, naturally excites interest. The Duke of Leeds will be present on the *Aries*, but the Duke of Westminster is in South Africa, so will leave the *Grinaig* to the Duchess this year. The motor-yacht *Gazeka* is interesting as an example of this kind of craft in its capacity as a residential yacht, its fittings being designed as much with a view to comfort as to sport.

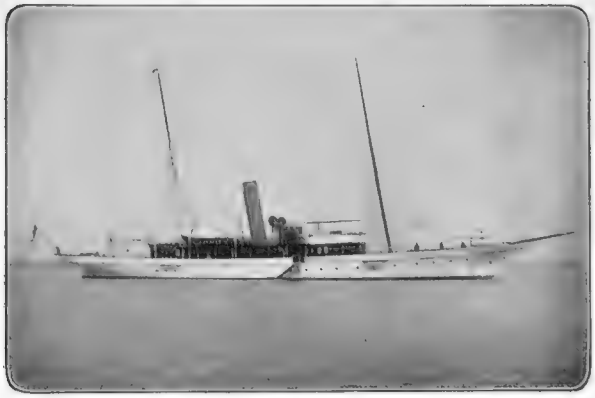


Photo *Kirk and Sons*

"Grinaig": The Duke of Westminster's yacht

Though the Duke is in South Africa, the Duchess will be at Cowes this year

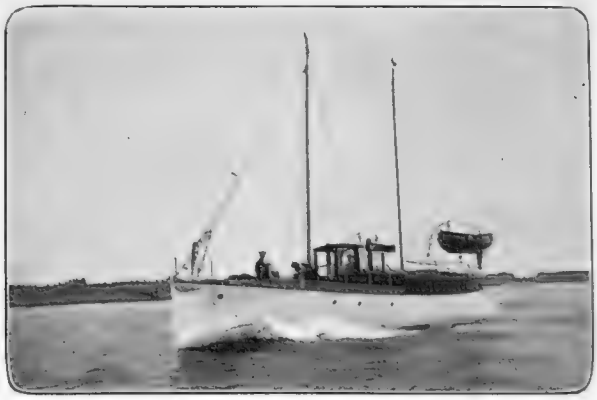


Photo *Stephen Cribb*

A residential motor-yacht, the "Gazeka"

Lieut. A. J. North's 30-tonner; 63ft. in length, 40 h.-p., with Gardner paraffin engines, is elaborately fitted up with saloon and sleeping accommodation, and is one of the first motor yachts to be used for residential purposes

King Alfonso's Highland Host

The Canterbury Week

There is something about the Canterbury week which, just as the Goodwood race week is different from all other race weeks, makes it of a more subtle, more interesting fibre, even though hitting a ball with a wooden bat *is* the only reason for its being. Whether it is the antiquity of the centuries-old town, the beauty of the Cathedral, the delights of the old Falstaff—that ancient hostelry of such pleasing fame—the ever-new Thespians, or that indefinable but very present air of "the County" which pervades the place, I do not feel qualified to decide—perhaps some real Canterburian will enlighten me? But the difference is there. In days gone by, of course, the week used to be quite an exclusive function. Now, just like everything else, it is just a tiny bit mixed, and the people who are not exactly "County" enjoy themselves every bit as much as those who are. N.B.—I forgot to mention that there is cricket—Kent *v.* Sussex and Kent *v.* Lancashire—and that, of course, though I hope I'm a sportsman, I do hope also that Kent will win both times.

Lord Leith (lately Mr. A. J. Forbes-Leith)

After Cowes Week, King Alfonso and Queen Victoria will visit Lord and Lady Leith at Fyvie Castle, one of the most magnificent places in Scotland

To Entertain Spain

Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie, who are to entertain the King and Queen of Spain at Fyvie Castle, Aberdeen, after Cowes, are the fortunate possessors of one of the most magnificent castles in Scotland. Dating from the thirteenth century, its lord entertained King Edward I. there in 1297, and in the park the entrenchments made by the Marquess of Montrose before his defeat by the Duke of Argyll are still to be seen, while in the castle itself are portraits of Queen Mary and of the Lords Monmouth, Montrose, and Claverhouse; so there is sufficient antiquity about the place to satisfy even its *châtelaine*, who is an American. Lord Leith is, perhaps, still better known to the public as Mr. A. J. Forbes-Leith, for he only took his seat as Lord Leith on the accession of the Liberals to office, and, although he started life as a sailor, spent several years in America, where he went in for a commercial career, became president and chairman of several great steel companies, and, incidentally, found a wife.

BYSTANDER.

The wedding of the Bishop of Chichester's daughter

Miss Geraldine Wilberforce was recently married by her father to Mr. Arden Franklin at Chichester Cathedral. The bridesmaids, reading from left to right, are: (*standing*) Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, Miss Ismay, Miss Rachel Orred, Miss M. Phipps Hornby, Miss Ivy Campbell; (*sitting*) Miss Phipps Hornby, Miss Diana Hoskyns, Miss Hester Phillimore, Miss Betty Fleming, Miss C. Wilberforce

ROUND THE TOWN

A few "Bystander" Comments from the Clouds

SYDENHAM AS SEEN FROM ON HIGH (1,000 FT.)

THE THAMES LOOKED DOWN UPON (2,000 FT. ABOVE GREENWICH)

BY

BALLOON

The "Smartness" of Ballooning

It was an amusing idea, that of ballooning being a diversion of the dear old "smart set." If so, then the days of that undeserving and sinful community are numbered, for of all the suburban pursuits known, ballooning is the most suburban.

You must be suburban even ere you board the basket — for whence but from some such suburban retreat as the Crystal or Alexandra Palace *can* one balloon? Where but amid the pleasures of the palaces can the inflated gas-globe find its home-sweet-home? Where is there room enough, and gas enough, for the thing except in a suburb? *Ergo*, to begin to balloon one must suburbanise oneself.

Suppose one start smart. Suppose, as one stands in the basket awaiting the signal to ascend, a woman's hat *is* on straight, her hair in order, and her complexion free from any suburban yellowness, and the word on her lips a word of wit—suppose the

LEAVING THE CRYSTAL PALACE

The odd and crocus-like view of the creatures of earth as seen by you shortly after your balloon has gone up

view she presents to the friends around her to be fairly presentable—what of it? In a few seconds she has gone above it all. All one's friends and one's critics have dropped down, down, down—they and all that is theirs have ceased to weigh with one as essentials to life at all. The world consists, from the point of view of a person who has just been taken up 1,000ft. by a gasbag, of herself, her male friend, and two aeronauts, the one usually an amateur, the other a professional, and both charming.

HOW HAMPSTEAD LOOKS

From a height of 3,000ft. a suburb is known more by the pattern it assumes through the lines of its roads and streets than from its architectural (!) features

All the World a Suburb

The world has become one vast, round, glaring, sweltering suburb. We, in the basket, are the only metropolitan things extant. We gain a sense of our own utter importance, our own extreme consequence, that has never before been experienced by us.

The sudden dropping down of the Crystal Palace and our friends, who 500ft. below look like a circular bed of crocuses in March, reveals oh! such a suburban world—a vast plain covered chiefly by long rows of red houses and little garden patches, board schools, and spiral church towers, workhouses and waterworks, cemeteries and people playing cricket. Everybody and everything seem to be outlying and unessential. If one is reminded of the Metropolis by such structures as St. Paul's, the Abbey, Westminster Cathedral, and Buckingham Palace, they are so hopelessly outnumbered by suburban places—strange schools and infirmaries, and unthought-of museums and free libraries—that one wonders how, on earth, one could ever have thought them important at all. Accepting once the doctrine that to the balloonist all things are suburban (save one's calm, fearless, rarefied self), ballooning gives a certain artistic pleasure. I may say that the Thames, with the sun playing on it, and the flat-looking boats swimming on it, has quite a pretty winding way with it, and the lights playing on the Crystal Palace, or the conservatory of some resident in Tooting, or anything that has glass, give touches of scintillation to a dull world.

Some Aerial Revelations

Suburbs have shapes—their roads wind white and weird into queer complex linear patterns, such as Euclid would have evolved in a delirium tremens. And I may add that long rows of small suburban gardens, in the mass, give a green look to some suburbs which nobody would have ever dreamt them to possess. And this said, what matters it that places lose their individuality? For instance, oh Harrovians! from 2,000ft. above, you live no longer at Harrow-on-the-Hill; your pretty town—and any other hillside retreat of the same kind—is to me as flat as a pancake.

QUITE A WAY UP

View of a district from 5,000ft. — clouds intervening. From this height, the dreariest of suburbs gratifies the eye by the weird, fantastic twists and turns of its roadways

Placidity, repose, serenity—call it what you like—is your most pronounced sensation aloft. As I said before, you feel that yourself and your companions are the only metropolitans, the sole centrally conceived entities extant, and that the rest of things created are suburban. Even the clouds below you are suburban—foolish little celestial water-cans which rove over Tooting and

Wandsworth, liquidating the gardens of the *bourgeoisie*.

The Dangers of Not Ballooning!

Sense of danger you have, of course, none, for you are so aghast at the dangers run by your dear ones below from motors, and bicycles, and trains, and gasworks, and all the other things terrestrial, that all concern for your own safety goes. And the shocking air they breathe, and the horrid little worm-like trains that burrow in and out of dark-looking holes. How unhealthy the whole earthly existence seems to you as you glide motionless through the air, with white clouds below you stretched out as a sort of silver carpet at your feet, and above you nothing but a limitless expanse of deep blue sky. You know no motion, upwards or downwards. Sometimes the earth comes up at you, and seems to be tilting at you with one of its spires or towers or tall chimneys; a little ballast, and it withdraws itself abashed. Even when the time has come for descent, the valve-rope has, probably, been pulled, and you have bounced to earth without knowing it. A sense of danger only seizes you when, landed on *terra firma*, a crowd hustles you or a rough tries to pick your pocket.

THE RUSH FOR THE CONTINENT

Boats in Dover Harbour, as seen from 2,500ft.

Ballooning, in short, enables one to take for once an ideally detached and philosophic view of the earth—but it amuses me, in the light of recent experience, to hear it called a "smart" pastime.

HARROW-ON-THE HILL

The famous town, from 2,000ft. above, looks very picturesque, but the balloonist is unable to appreciate the fact that there is any hill there at all

A Portuguese Paradise

BEAUTIFUL BUSSACO AND ITS FOREST-BOUND HOSTELRY

Portugal has not, until quite a recent date, attracted the English tourist, although it contains scenery of unrivalled beauty, and many places of unusual architectural and historical interest. The reason is not far to seek. The Portuguese are, perhaps, the worst hotel-keepers to be found in Europe. The food is usually passable, but the accommodation is of the roughest; and even in the big cities there are no hotels which can by any stretch of imagination be called more than second-rate, while in the more out-of-the-way towns the traveller must put up with wretchedly uncomfortable inns. There is now, happily, one exception to this rule, and that is the Grand Hotel of Bussaco, which it is no exaggeration to call palatial, inasmuch as it contains within its great mass of buildings a villa set aside for the use of King Carlos.

Verandah of the Grand Hotel, Bussaco

Which has the unique distinction of being comfortable, and yet Portuguese. It is built on the site of an ancient monastery in the midst of a vast forest, and has among its buildings a villa especially reserved for the use of King Carlos

The history of this hotel is of some interest. It is built on the site of an ancient monastery, actually incorporating the cloisters and the chapel, fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, in the midst of a noble forest of cedars and pines and oaks, which was planted by the monks over a thousand years ago, enclosed in a wall six miles round, and religiously cultivated by them until their suppression in the last century. It was originally intended to build a royal palace on this noble site, from which a wonderful view of mountain and valley, stretching over fifty miles on all sides, can be seen, with the sea in the distance to the West. Money was voted some years ago for the purpose, and the work was started. But the project fell through, and the Government then decided to complete the building as an hotel. Building has been going on ever since, and is even

Bussaco: A general view of the hotel and forest

A glimpse of the Portuguese highlands, with the monastic forest of cedars and pines, in the midst of which Bussaco is hidden. Though far from the haunts of men, Bussaco possesses golf links, croquet and tennis lawns, and mountain motor tracks

now not quite completed, but with a commendable sagacity, the Government leased the property to an enterprising German, Herr Wissmann, to whom belongs the credit of making the Bussaco hotel one of the most attractive and comfortable visiting-places that can be found anywhere.

Its natural attractions are almost unrivalled. At a time when the plains of Portugal are stewing in almost unbearable heat, there is always a fresh breeze in these mountain heights. The "verdurous glooms" of the noble monastic forest in which it stands must be seen for their beauty to be appreciated, and every kind of sub-tropical plant and flower flourishes in the lovely gardens. There are golf links on the "iron ridge," which was the scene of Wellington's memorable victory, croquet and tennis lawns, a natural swimming bath in the village just below the hotel walls, and there are fine roads for motoring, splendidly engineered along the mountain sides. Coimbra, the University city; Visea, an old fortified town, with wonderful buildings and the best pictures in Portugal; the monasteries of Batalha and Alcobaça, and other places of interest, are all within a day's excursion on a good car, and the scenery on the way to them is glorious. There is accommodation for many cars in the hotel garage, and the proprietor has two of his own which may be hired.

Bussaco is never too cold for enjoyment, and in the height of summer never too hot. To get there from England needs a pleasant three days' voyage and a few hours' railway journey from Oporto. The Royal Mail steamers and the Booth Liners both take passengers at a cost of about £12 for the return journey.

Dieppe

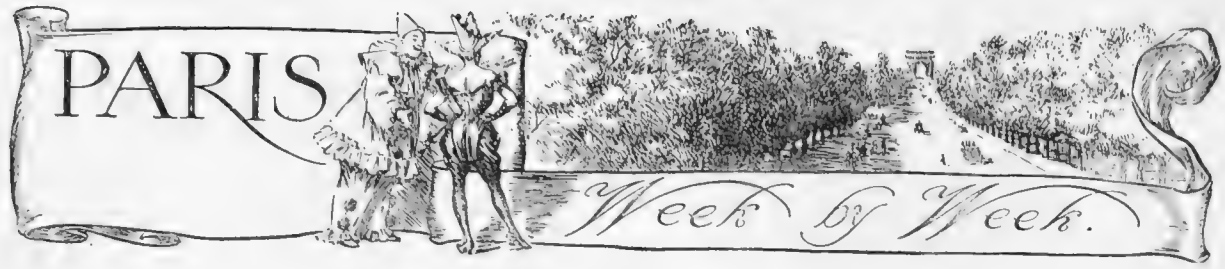
In spite of the fact that Dieppe is known to the average Continental traveller more as a place of passage *en route* for Paris, it yet rears its head none the less proudly by reason of its charms as a watering-place. On landing from the boat, the Paris traveller steps straight into the train, which then meanders in a most nonchalant way through a few of the principal streets, preceded by a man with a horn, while the *gamins* demand sous. The Dieppe visitor will, however, go straight to his hotel, of which there is an ample choice, and make up his mind to enjoy himself in as French a manner as possible, since change is the essence of a holiday. There is the *plage* and mixed bathing, the Casino, and all the attractions of an up-to-date resort.

It is practically no more trouble to get to Dieppe than it is to Brighton, for travelling by the London-Brighton Railway, one steps on to the boat at Newhaven, and after a short passage arrives at one's destination feeling thoroughly bucked up and young by the sea breezes—that is, of course, if it is calm, but even when it is not you need not despair, for the turbine boats now running are exceedingly steady.

Talking of Paris and Dieppe, however, how many people, I wonder, remember that during the Franco-German war an advance party of Uhlans rode through into Dieppe, and urged their horses right into the water—which sounds very much like an incidental forecast of the "War of 1910." However, the enemy made no further move to capture the town, so it is left standing to-day, a quaint fishing port in one quarter, and an up-to-date pleasure resort in another.

Dieppe, showing the Casino (on the right) and the Royal Hotel

Easily reached from London, *viâ* Newhaven, Dieppe holds out many attractions for the holiday-maker. Being both a quaint old-world fishing port, with the railway from the quay running right through some of the streets, it is, at the same time, an up-to-date holiday resort, with excellent hotel accommodation. The Casino, of course, has its devotees, while the fascinations of mixed bathing are not to be despised. There is also good tennis, golf, and yachting



By FRANCES KEYZER

The Unsatisfactory Hotel "Table d'Hote"

Have you ever thought how and where Parisians dine, when you are seated before one of those flower-pot laden *tables d'hôte* at a Paris hotel? You have said "*Oui*" with a dissatisfied shrug when the waiter has asked you if you dine there to-night, because you had no idea where you could get a meal cleanly served at a reasonable price, and with your limited knowledge of French, and the uncomfortable certainty of being imposed upon, that every foreigner who does not speak the native language unavoidably has, you submit to the six-franc dinner, with its invariable courses of made-dishes you do not eat, simply because you know of nothing better. Have you ever seen a Parisian at a *table d'hôte* dinner? Never. He likes to choose the meats he intends eating, and if he is prepared to pay six francs for his meal, it shall at least comprise a good bottle of wine.

* * *

A Parisian's Meals

A Parisian—and I say Parisian advisedly, for he has nothing in common with a provincial in this respect—will dine from a soup, a couple of dishes—generally a fish and a meat—a piece of cheese, and a little fruit, a glass of his favourite wine, and some mineral water. For luncheon, at mid-day, he will vary the two dishes, and commence with a *hors d'œuvre* instead of soup, but, with a normal appetite, the quantity he consumes will be about equal. He knows the value of good, well-cooked food, and where to get it. The price he pays for it depends on the length of his purse. At any of the celebrated restaurants the *habitué* dines sparingly; it is the strangers who are the best clients, and for whom the head-waiter compiles a seven or eight-course dinner, settled for bank-notes. The man who dines every day at a restaurant, while his wife and family are at the seaside, pays from 3f. 50 to 6 francs for his meal.

* * *

Remember "Scossa's"

It is the 3f. 50 dinner that will interest strangers, as this moderate-priced repast is what the majority are seeking. You can find it in various quarters of the city, on either bank of the Seine, but I will take Scossa's as the type of restaurant where you can dine, and dine well, for three shillings, wine included. You must, however, have sufficient knowledge of French to make a selection from the menu placed before you, for the waiters are Parisians, and will not be able to help you. They are not prepared for strangers at Scossa's. On the pavement, facing the St. Lazare railway, there are scores of little tables, with clean white cloths, bright cutlery and glass, a twisted roll in paper to protect it from the dust, and a mitred serviette, tempting the passer-by. You may think, at first sight, that they are the property of one enterprising firm of caterers. But you look closer, and find at varied distances a glass partition, and varied prices. At seven o'clock all the little tables will be occupied, and everybody will be busy dining, but the glass will separate the lesser from the greater, for 3f. 50 is the highest price for a *diner à prix fixé*—or fixed price dinner—in this part of the town.

* * *

A Three-Shilling Dinner, Wine Included

If you are timid you can enter the restaurant; but if you are wise you will take your seat beneath the awning in the cool evening air and enjoy your three-shilling dinner on the pavement. You will select a soup from the two or three in the menu, and have time to read in the left-hand corner that from all the dishes under the headings of fish, entrées, roasts (hot or cold), vegetables, you have the right to choose two. Perhaps a grilled sole and some sweetbread and peas, or a cutlet and the wing of a chicken, or one or two of the twenty or thirty meats that you may prefer, with a sweet and dessert or cheese, and either a bottle of white or red wine, beer, or St. Galmier water. You will find everything of first quality, and excellently cooked. You will pay the modest 3f. 50 when you have finished, with threepence for the waiter, and you will stroll away down the Boulevard Haussmann, to the Grands Boulevards, content with the thought that the *table d'hôte* at your hotel will bore you no more.

* * *

A King Among Cooks

At all times a good cook has been prized, but it is long since Villeroux, the friend of Carême and Mirabeau's favoured *chef*, travelled to the land of a savage tribe, who made him king. That his sauces and stews, and the famous recipe for an omelet, should have turned the savage brain is less remarkable than the offer of a well-known dusky monarch to adopt the man or woman who made the dish of duck *à la Rouennaise* he partook of at a recent dinner in the capital. Yet, study the question seriously, is there not more merit and more wisdom in the art of cooking than in the fine arts that so few understand, and so many practise? If I were king I would have a conservatoire for cooking, and award prizes to those who could prepare food in the most wholesome and tasteful manner, sooner than to those who could recite a speech from Beaumarchais or sing the sweetest from Armide.

* * *

A Story from Chicago

A good story is going the rounds of the clubs, of a Chicago millionaire who ordered a replica of the Venus of Milo to be delivered to his

home. When the case arrived and was opened, the millionaire discovered there were no arms, and threatened to bring an action against the Railway Company for damages. The Company sent an official to inquire into the matter, found that the arms were missing—and paid.

* * *

Méva's Rival

Méva, the anchorite, with whose long beard, flowing hair, and white robe, Parisians have now become familiar, has a rival. It is a fair youth, in a long coat, very high hat, white trousers, who enters the café where you are seated. On the marble table he deposits a leaflet wherein he expounds a curious kind of philosophy respecting many questions, some of an intimate nature, like his theory on love. He is quite willing to develop his ideas to you if you consent to listen to him; and you will then discover that he is an honest fanatic, anxious to convert the world to his ideas. From what I saw of Méva, I am not quite certain whether he is in earnest; beneath his anchorite robe lurks, I am afraid, something of the humbug. But this youthful exponent of a new code of morality is a true prophet. The first time I saw him he was lecturing to three damsels, *traviatas*, seated outside a café in the Boulevard Montmartre. They listened to him intently, but after he had left, one of them remarked, with a shrug of her shoulder: "*Tout cela est bien beau, mais qu'est-ce qu'il croit que cela va nous rapporter!*"

* * *

The Conservatoire Competition

We have just had the annual Conservatoire competition. It is one of the great events of the year, and that curious function has been repeatedly described. Things there have undergone a curious change. Until 1870 the pupils lodged and boarded in the establishment, and, according to an edict signed by Cherubini, then director of the Paris Conservatoire, the lady pupils were kept quite apart from the boys. They slept in an adjacent house, and every morning were taken to the Conservatoire by a lady-superintendent, each girl provided with a small bag wherein she carried her frugal luncheon. They were never allowed to go out alone, and had to retire to rest at nine o'clock in winter and at ten in summer. And not many years ago a wooden barrier in the court-yard separated the two sexes, when, in between the lessons, they went downstairs to breathe some fresh air.

* * *

"The Old Order Changeth"

To day not only that barrier, but all other barriers, have fallen. Mlle. Yvonne now lunches with her particular friend at a good restaurant, with a glass of champagne to give her courage; and the friend drives her to the Rue Faubourg Poissonnière in his motor-car. It is bad enough that a large section of the public takes a kind of hysterical interest in the doings of actors and actresses, and are anxious to know whether the great actor Z prefers a cold to a tepid bath. But when the same foolish proceeding is applied to girls and boys who have not yet even entered the profession, things, indeed, are going a little too far. Yet, if you take up any Paris paper during the month of July, you will read (I am quoting): "That M. A parts his hair in the middle; that Mlle. B dotes on chocolate creams," etc., etc., and you will probably put down the paper with disgust. FRANCES KEYZER.

A Trying Ordeal: A competitor giving an exhibition of her talent before the jury at the Paris Conservatoire

Up to a few years ago every precaution was taken to prevent the lady pupils and the boys at the Conservatoire meeting. A wooden barrier in the courtyard separated them, and the girls were never allowed to go out alone. No restrictions, however, are now enforced, and a natural *bon camaraderie* exists between the two sexes

The PLAYHOUSES

Garrick Theatre

"DOWN OUR ALLEY"

Mr. Bourchier's adaptation of *Crainquebille* makes us wonder what can be the purport of M. Anatole France's play. Except for one or two comic lines there is no trace of a French original. *Down Our Alley* is as English as it can possibly be. It appears to be made out of all the conventional stories of East-End life which have ever been written. The characters are purely stage types, and bear about the same relation to living members of the poorer classes as "aristocrats" in melodrama to the titled classes. It is a convention of the stage that mean streets are in a state of continual uproar. The stage is always filled with costers, donahs, newsboys, and street arabs, who indulge in continual sparring and shouting. The *mise-en-scène* of the conventional East-End drama would be sufficient to stifle any but the strongest and healthiest play. The story is swallowed up by the "business." Any dialogue which forwards the action is drowned by the shouts and screams, and snifflings of the crowd. In a conventional East-End play, of which *Down Our Alley* is so perfect a type, there is continual racket. No boy can meet a pal without indulging in rough horse-play; no girl can meet her fellow without screaming rude remarks at him, and cuffing him over the head; no policeman can appear but he must parry the gibes of the populace with gruff orders to "move hon." Life in the East End may be, at times, as noisy as depicted upon the stage, but there must be peaceful moments, even down our alley.

Amid this inferno of rude, grossly exaggerated types, Mr. Bourchier was a restrained, dignified, pitiable old coster. It is a clever character-study, the value of which is marred by the *mise-en-scène*.

Photo *Lafayette, Dublin*

Miss Jean McKinlay Sterling

Who is playing Nina in *His House in Order*, at the St. James's Theatre, during Miss Vanbrugh's absence. She is a daughter of the late Madame Antoinette Sterling, the famous singer

To make matters worse, the trimmings, though crude and tiresome, are absolutely essential. Without them the play would be a naked and miserable object.

What Is Its Purpose?

Down Our Alley contains as much dramatic material as would make up into a nice little curtain-raiser. The "business," by means of which the play is stretched to three acts, is so irrelevant as to cause the play to assume the strangest appearances. When the characters pelt each other with vegetables from old Joe Parrott's barrow, we are reminded irresistibly of a harlequinade. The police-court scene swings wildly from farce to melodrama. It never touches comedy, that is to say, the comic and the serious elements are of too preposterous a nature to bear any relation to characters and situations in real life. As a proof of the utter unreality of the whole scene, it is sufficient to mention that Joe Parrott, the coster, after his case has been tried by the magistrate on Gilbertian lines, is sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for inciting to riot, by calling, "Down with the police, the swine"; and that upon his release from prison he is shunned by his unsympathetic neighbours, and called a ticket-of-leave man! There is a faint attempt to indicate the difficulties put in the way of a man who has once been in prison. If the procedure in the police court had been less wildly inaccurate, and if Parrott's reception by his old friends had not been so untrue to life, this theme might have been developed to some purpose. As it is, hero and story make but a poor struggle against irrelevant and noisy characters, inaccurate and noisy "business." As to the meaning or purpose of *Crainquebille*, it must remain a riddle till the play is produced in its original form.

"Eugene Onegin" at the "Lyric"

Mr. Lewys James as Eugene Onegin.

Madame Fanny Moody as Tatiana.

Mr. Charles Manners as Prince Gremin

Mr. Wilson Pembroke as Lenski.

Mr. Y. Brodo as Triquet.

Miss Mildred Baker as Olga.

DRAWN BY CHAS. R. SYKES

New Theatre

Thursday, August 9, has now been definitely fixed as the date for the production of the new light opera by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Philip Michael Faraday, with which Mr. Louis Calvert is opening his season at the New Theatre. As first nights in August are few and far between, there is not likely to be a clash. The title, *Amāsis*, has set many people consulting authorities, but the central figure in Mr. Fenn's play is, we may say, an Egyptian Princess unknown to history, who was called by this man's name by her father, who had hoped for a son. The historical Amāsis was the son of a poor captain who was put on the throne by the army, with whom he was very popular on account of his mad and merry ways. In addition to Miss Ruth Vincent, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Roland Cunningham, and Mr. Whitworth Mitton, the cast includes that clever comedian, Mr. Herbert Ross, and Miss Madge Vincent.

Mr. H. B. Irving's American Tour

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Harcourt Williams

Who has been engaged to play Paolo, in *Pao a and Francesca*, in Mr. H. B. Irving's Company, which will proceed to America after a short tour in England

Few experiences can be more exciting, even in the varied life of an actor, than a first tour in America. It is impossible to foretell the reception which awaits the actor, however famous and successful in his own country. Our American cousins never seem to do things by halves. Either an actor from another country is acclaimed to the skies, or he is utterly damned. The story of the foreign invasion of Broadway would furnish as amazing examples of success unexpectedly achieved by mediocrities as of failure which has been the no less unexpected portion of celebrities. The American public is capricious. It is difficult to please, but its pleasure is that of the seventh heaven. Mr. H. B. Irving sets out upon a tour the outcome of which, for obvious reasons, will be looked for with the greatest interest. Here's to his enterprise! E. C. S.

Opera in English

The efforts of the Moody-Manners Company to present operatic masterpieces of all sorts, from Wagner downwards, in English, is to be praised, of course. It enables provincial audiences to get the hang of the libretti, and to know what people are saying to each other. It also enables English singers to gratify their ambitions to shine in grand opera without the preliminary annoyance (so fatal to a self-respecting throat) of acquiring foreign tongues. Philanthropically, therefore (and commercially, too, I hope), the venture is a pronounced success. When, however, one considers the matter on subtle artistic grounds, enthusiasm for "Opera in English" grows appreciably less. As an illustration, the performance by the Moody-Manners Company at the Lyric of *Eugène Onegin* will serve admirably. Done in English, the work endangers its chances of popularity here, for the paradoxical reason that it enables the hearer to know what it is about. Done in Italian (or in any other tongue unknown to the general public) one regarded Tschaikowsky's opera as a series of beautifully written vocal scenes, punctuated here and there with real outbursts of passion, charming choruses, and bright dance rhythms. In a vague sense one knew the thread of the plot, and it seemed neither better nor worse than that of the average opera. So an Italian rendering of the work could be enjoyed on the strength of its extreme musical excellence. Deprive it of the advantage of a completely excellent cast, and a sympathetic orchestra, you weaken its appeal in one respect; go further, and reveal, by a more or less happy translation, the exact nature of the dialogue that is being exchanged by the characters, and you transform an artistic entertainment into a pantomime. For the nature of the conversation between the characters, to which Tschaikowsky set such luscious music, revealed in English, is banal and hopelessly foolish — almost as insipid as that of a bad musical comedy. One is forced to consider the work dramatically poor, and unless relieved by perfect singing, to be an unsatisfactory item in the bill of an operatic company. The Moody-Manners performance, however, had features which made it interesting, even in comparison with the fine rendering of the work recently at Covent Garden. Of these, especial praise must be given to the Tatiana of Mme. Fanny Moody, who sang the *ingénue* rôle with sustained feeling and beauty of tone. Mr. Wilson Pembroke sang and acted the rôle of Lensky with spirit and energy, but Mr. Lewys James, though an attractive singer, hardly rose histrionically to the rôle of the *blasé* Onegin. Mr. Manners gave the Prince's great song, "In Every Age Sweet Love is Master," with magnificent sonority, and gained a rapturous encore. The chorus sang and acted well, but the orchestra, generally, was lacking in spirit and "go," and failed to invest the music with its wonted and rhythmic vivacity, especially in the ballroom scenes. V. C.

Messrs. Bickers and Son, of 1, Leicester Square, will publish early in September a new volume of Essays by Mr. H. B. Irving. It will be entitled, "Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical," and will contain, among other essays, "The Art and Status of the Actor," and one read before the Royal Institution on the "English Stage in the Eighteenth Century," and these, written from the inside, as it were, contain much interesting criticism. Other papers are of a criminological character and Mr. Irving is well known as a student of crime, his earlier books on "Judge Jeffreys" and "French Criminals" having enjoyed much popularity. The price will be 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Four Favourites for Cowes

WHOSE PROSPECTS ARE EXCITING KEEN INTEREST IN YACHTING CIRCLES

Photo *Debenham*

"Nyria"

Mr. Robert Young's new racing cruiser-yacht, which, though she lost her mast in the recent cross-Channel race, is looked upon as a likely victor at Cowes

Photo *Kirk*

"White Heather"

Mr. Myles Kennedy's cutter, which was formerly a yawl—one of the new-fashioned cruiser-yachts, which will enjoy their first great test at Cowes this year

Photo

"Karlad"

Sir James Pender's recently purchased cutter, which is to be converted into a yawl for Cowes week

Kirk

"Meteor III."

Which is considered to be the speediest yacht afloat, as becomes the possession of the speediest Emperor. She holds the record for the Queen's course at Cowes, and has also performed great feats at Kiel

Racing

Photo

THREE WELL-KNOWN BOATS OFF COWES (Left to

After a strenuous London season, Cowes week once again comes as a most welcome relief to those who have had to endure necessary but trying functions. This year the programme is especially interesting in the re races for schooners only. The *Meteor*, a

ff Cowes

Kirk

ight): WHITE HEATHER, BRYNHILD, AND METEOR

ival of first-class racing and the inclusion of acht which does not belie its name, besides being one of the best boats at the Regatta, has the distinction of being owned by that versatile monarch, the Kaiser

The Connoisseur

GEORGIAN PRINTS OF THE MALL

Looking down the Mall, with a bird's-eye view of London from Buckingham House. In the Jerningham Collection

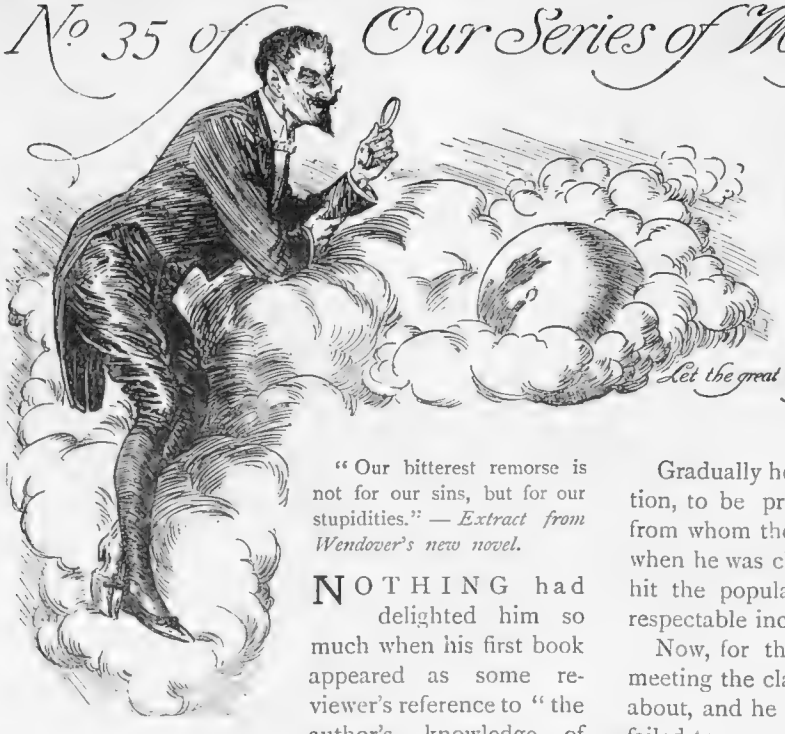
Now that the new design for the improvements before the Palace is being carried out, it is particularly interesting to turn to the old prints which show Buckingham House as it was early in the eighteenth century, and when George III. was King. These form part of the collection recently presented to the Nation by Mr. C. E. Jerningham, the well-known collector, which has now been placed in Kensington Palace. "London is a roost for every bird," Disraeli wrote, and it is just because of its wide cosmopolitism that the vast old city compares in interest with any in the world. But of all periods in which it has been the heart and brain of English life, the eighteenth century can, perhaps, be most vividly restored and made articulate.

The memoirs of the time recreate the fine personages of those days, and the prints and caricatures which were so largely produced, aid us admirably in this affair. Mr. Jerningham's energy in the garnering of eighteenth-century English art is well known, and from the collection we have reproduced a few prints which give the earliest appearance of the front of Buckingham House and the Mall as it appeared during the eighteenth century. In our own day, a new reform is taking place; already the "Processional" road from the Palace to Whitehall has an air of having long been a feature of the Park, and to-morrow or next day the front of the huge, ugly Palace itself will be altered, and we trust improved.

E. M.

The Mall in the eighteenth century. From the Jerningham Collection just presented to the Nation

No. 35 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Man Who Understood Women

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "Whispers About Women," etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"Our bitterest remorse is not for our sins, but for our stupidities." — *Extract from Wendover's new novel.*

NOTHING had delighted him so much when his first book appeared as some reviewer's reference to "the author's knowledge of women." Wendover was then six or seven-and-twenty, and the compliment uplifted him the more because he had long regretted violently that he knew even less of women than do most young men. The thought of women fascinated him. He yearned to captivate them, to pass lightly from one love affair to another, to have the right to call himself "blasé." Alas! a few dances in the small provincial town that he left when he was eighteen had comprised nearly all his sentimental experiences; during his years of struggle in London he had been so abominably hard up that lodging-house keepers and barmaids were almost the only women he addressed, and as his beverage was "a glass of bitter," the barmaids had been strictly commercial.

To be told that he understood women enraptured him. "Instinct!" he said to himself. "Now and then a man is born who knows the feminine mind intuitively." And in his next book there was an abundance of his fanciful psychology. Denied companionship with women, he revelled in writing about them, and drew from the pages in which he posed as their delineator, something of the exultation that he would have derived from being their lover. There were even pages after which he felt sated with conquest. At these times nothing accorded with his mood so well as to parade the Park and pretend to himself that the sight of the most attractive of the women bored him

But as loneliness really cried within him pathetically, he had an adventure, culminating in marriage with a shop assistant who glanced at him one evening in Oxford Street. After marriage they found as little of an agreeable nature to say to each other as might have been expected, so a couple of years later they separated, and the ex-shop hand went to reside with a widowed sister, who "made up ladies' own materials" at Crouch End.

Gradually he came to be accepted at his own valuation, to be pronounced one of the few gifted men from whom the feminine soul held no secrets. Then when he was close on forty, a novel that he published hit the popular taste, and he began to make a very respectable income.

Now, for the first time, he had opportunities for meeting the class of women that he had been writing about, and he found, to his consternation, that they failed to recognise him as an affinity after all. They were very amiable, but, like the farmer with the claret, he "never got any forrader." He perceived that his profundities were thought tedious, and that his attentions were thought raw. It was a sickening admission for an authority on women to have to make, but when he tried to flirt he felt—shy.

At last he decided that all the women he knew were too frivolous to appeal to a man of intellect, and that their company wearied him unutterably.

But observe that he had never as yet been really in love.

In the autumn of his forty-second year—you wouldn't have judged him to be so much—he removed to Paris. Some months afterwards, in the interests of a novel that he had begun, he deserted his hotel in the Rue d'Antin for a pension on the left bank. This establishment, which was supported chiefly by English and American girls studying art, supplied the "colour" that he needed for his earlier chapters; and it was here that he made the acquaintance of Miss Searle.

Miss Searle was about six-and-twenty, bohemian, and ambitious beyond her talents. Such pensions abound in girls who are more or less bohemian, and ambitious beyond their talents, but Rhoda Searle was noteworthy—her face stirred the imagination, she had realised that she would never paint, and the free-and-easy intercourse of the Quarter had wholly unfitted her for the prim provincialism to which she must return in England.

"My father was a parson," she told Wendover once, as they smoked cigarettes together after dinner. "I had hard work to convince him that English art school weren't the apex, but he gave in at last and let me come here. It was Paradise! My home was in Beckenhampton. Do you know it? It's one of the dreariest holes in the kingdom. I used to go over to stay with him twice a year. I was very fond

Another "Worldly Story" next week

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of my father, but I can't tell you how terrible those visits became to me, how I had to suppress myself, and how the drab, stupid women and dull young men used to stare at me—as if I were a strange animal, or something improper; in places like Beckenhampton they say 'Paris' in the same kind of voice that they say 'Hell.' I suppose I'm a bohemian by instinct, for even now that I know I should never make an artist, my horror isn't so much the loss of my hopes as the loss of my freedom, my—my identity; I am never to be natural any more! After I leave here I am to go on suppressing myself till the day I die. Sometimes I shall be able to shut myself up and howl—that's all I've got to look forward to."

"What are you going to do?" asked Wendover, looking sympathetic, and thinking pleasurably that he had found a good character to put into his book.

"I am going back," she said, "—a shining example of the folly of being discontented with district-visiting and church bazaars! I go back a failure for Beckenhampton to moralise over. My old schoolmistress has asked me to stay with her while I 'look round'—you see, I've spent all my money, and I must find a situation. If the Beckenhampton parents don't regard me as too immoral, it is just possible she may employ me in the school to 'teach drawing'—unless I try to teach it! Then I suppose I shall be called a 'revolutionary,' and dismissed." She contemplated the shabby little salon thoughtfully, and lit another cigarette. "From the Boule' Mich' to a boarding school! It'll be a change? I wonder if it will be safe to smoke there if I keep my bedroom window open wide?"

Yes, it would be as great a change as was conceivable, and Rhoda Searle was the most interesting figure in the house to Wendover. She was going to England in a month's time—there was no reason why she should not go at once, save that she had enough money to postpone the evil day—and during this valedictory month, she and he talked of their "friendship." In the tortuous streets off the Boulevard, she introduced him to humble restaurants, where the dinners were sometimes amazingly good at the most ridiculous prices. Together they made little excursions, and pretended to scribble or sketch in the woods—looking at each other, however, most of the time; and then at evening there was an inn to be sought, and the moon would rise sooner than the friends; and in the moonlight, when they returned to Paris and the pension, sentiment would constrain their tones.

It was all quite innocent, but to the last degree unwise. The ex-shop assistant still throve decorously in Crouch End on his allowance, and Wendover should have seen that he was acting unfairly towards Miss Searle. To do him justice, he didn't see it—he had confided the story of his marriage to her, and it did not enter into his thoughts that she might care for him seriously notwithstanding; his experiences had given him no cause to esteem himself dangerous, and the lover who has never received favours is, in practice, always modest, though in aspirations he may be Juanesque. The suitor of quick perceptions has been made by other women, as everybody but the least sophisticated of débutantes knows.

But if he did not dream that he might trouble the peace of Miss Searle, he was perpetually conscious that he had disturbed his own. A month's daily companionship with a temperament, plus a fascinating face, would be dangerous to any man—to Wendover it was fatal. His thoughts turned no longer to liaisons with duchesses; his work, itself, was secondary to Rhoda Searle. Silly fellow as he appears, the emotions wakened in him were no less genuine than if he had combined all the noble qualities with which he invested the heroes of his books. Remember, too, that most of us would appear silly in a description which dealt only with our weaknesses Wendover loved, and he cursed the tie that prevented his asking the girl to be his wife.

He had feared that the last evening would be a melancholy one, but it was gay—the greater part of it was gay, at any rate. As soon as the door slammed behind them he saw that she had resolved to keep the thought of the morrow's journey in the background, to help him to turn the farewell into a fête. Her laughing caution was unnecessary, her voice, her eyes had given him the cue—the journey was to be undertaken in the distant future, life was delicious, and they were out to enjoy themselves! He had proposed dining at Armenonville—it wasn't the Paris that she had known, but champagne and fashion seemed the right thing to-night; and no fiacre had ever sped so blithely before, never had the Bois been so enchanting, and never had another girl been such joyous company. After dinner, the Ambassadeurs! The programme? They didn't listen to much of it, they were chattering all the time. It was only when the lamps died out that he heard a sigh; it was only when the lamps died out that the morning train, and the good-bye, and the blank beginning of the afterwards, seemed to him so horribly near.

The little salon was half dark when they reached the pension; everybody else had gone to bed. Wendover turned up the light, and, though she said it was too late to sit down, they stood talking by the mantelpiece. "You've given me a heavenly memory for the end," she told him. "Thanks so much! I shall be thinking of it at this time to-morrow."

"So shall I," said Wendover.

She took off her hat, and pulled her hair right before the mirror. "Shall you?"

"Will you write to me?"

"Yes, if you'd like me to."

"I'd more than like it, I—I shall look forward to your letters tremendously."

"There won't be much to say in them."

"They'll be from *you*. . . . I wish you weren't going."

She raised her eyes to him. "Why?" she asked.

Wendover kept silent a moment—it was the hardest thing that he had done in his life. If he answered, "Because I love you," he felt that he would be a cad. Besides, she must know very well that he loved her—what good would it do to tell her?—doubtless she had repented her question in the moment of putting it! Yes, he would be a cad to

(Continued on page 286)

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Sarah Brooke, who is playing Mrs. Vidal in "Raffles"

Miss Brooke, with the rest of the company, gives Raffles (Mr. Du Maurier) an opportunity of demonstrating that burglars, murderers, and such like, are really the most amiable of men

(Continued from page 284)

confess to her, and she would think less of him for it. He would choose the beau rôle—and she would always remember that, when he might have spoilt their last scene together and pained her, he had been strong, heroic!

"We've been such pals," he said. That she mightn't underrate the heroism, he turned aside, as the noble fellow in books does when he is struggling.

After a pause, she murmured, "It's time I said 'good night.'"

She went to him slowly and gave him her hand. Her clasp was fervent—it was encouraging to feel that she was grateful. Her gaze held him, and her eyes were wide, dark, troubled; he was sure that she was sorry for him.

"Good night, my dear," said Wendover bravely.

And when he had watched her go up the stairs—when she had turned, with that look in her eyes again, and turned away—he went back to the salon and was wretched beyond words to tell, for a fool may love as deeply as the wisest.

This was really their "good-bye"—in the morning the claims on her were many, and he was not the only one who drove to the station with her.

When she had been gone between two and three weeks, he received the promised letter. It told him little but that she was "the new drawing mistress"; of her thoughts, her attitude towards her new life, it said nothing. He replied promptly, questioning her, but she wrote no more, and not the least of his pain was the thought that she had dismissed him from her mind so easily.

He did not remain much longer in the pension, its associations hurt him too much. A sandy-haired girl, with no eyelashes and red ears, occupied Rhoda's former seat at the table, and the newcomer's unconcerned possession of it stabbed him at every meal. Having taken precautions against letters for him going astray, he returned to the hotel, and here month after month he plodded at his book, and tried to forget.

Nearly a year had gone by when he stood again on the deck of a Channel boat. He had not spared himself, and the novel was finished, and he was satisfied with it; but he was as much in love as he had been on the morning when he watched a train steam from the Gare St. Lazare. As he paced the deck he thought of Rhoda all the time; it excited him that he was going to England, he might chance to see her—he might even run down to Beckenhampton for a day or two? It would make the situation harder to bear afterwards, of course, but——

He looked up "Beckenhampton" in the Railway Guide often during the next few days. The distance between them was marvellously short—the knowledge that an hour and a half's journey could yield her face to him again had a touch of the magical in it. An hour and a half from Hades to Olympus! The longing fevered him; he threw some things into a bag pell mell one morning and caught the 10.15.

"The Bell Hotel!"—and from there he directed the driver to the school. The little town was grey and drear; he pitied her acutely as he gazed about him from the fly. He understood how her spirit must beat itself against the bars, he realised what her arrival must have meant to her—behind one of the windows of this prison she had sat looking back upon her yesterday! How the year must have changed her! He wondered if she still smiled. The fly jolted into the narrow High Street—and he saw her coming out of the post office.

Yes, she still smiled—the smile that irradiated her face, and made him forget everything else! They stood outside the post office together, clasping hands once more.

"You! what are you doing here?" she cried.

"I was just going to see you; I've just come from the station. How are you? You look very well."

"I'm all right. Are you back for good?"

"Yes, I left Paris a few days ago."

"Did you stay on at the pension?"

"Oh no, I gave that up soon after you went."

"You've finished your book, eh?"

"How did you know?"

"I saw something about it in a paper. And how's Paris? I dream I'm back sometimes."

"Paris is just the same."

"I suppose you never saw anything of the others afterwards—Kitty Owen or the MacAlister girl?"

"No, I never came across any of them—I was working very hard. Well? Tell me things; what's the news? You're still at the school, then?"

"No."

"No? Aren't you? I was on my way there. What are you doing?"

"I'm married."

The blood sank from his cheeks. "Married?"

"I've been married four months."

A woman came between them to post a letter, and he was grateful for the interruption. "Let me congratulate you!"

"Thanks. My husband's a solicitor here. . . . You'll come and see us?"

"I'm afraid—— I should have been delighted, of course, but I have to be in town again this evening."

"We'd better move—we're in everybody's way," she said. "Will you walk on with me? When does the book come out?"

"In a few weeks' time—I'll send a copy to you."

"Really? It would be very good of you. I've often looked at the book columns to see if it was published."

"Have you? I was afraid you'd forgotten all about me. . . . You—you might have written again, you promised to write!"

"I know."

"Why didn't you?"

'What was the good?"

"It would have made me happier. I missed you frightfully. I—I think that was why I left the pension; I couldn't stand it when you'd gone. . . . Well, are *you* happy?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"I'm glad."

"So you won't come and see us?"

"It's impossible, I'm sorry to say. . . . As a matter of fact, I didn't mean to see you again at all."

"That's a pretty compliment!"

"Ah, you know what I mean—it seemed better that I shouldn't. But . . . . I think I'm glad I

(Continued on page 288)

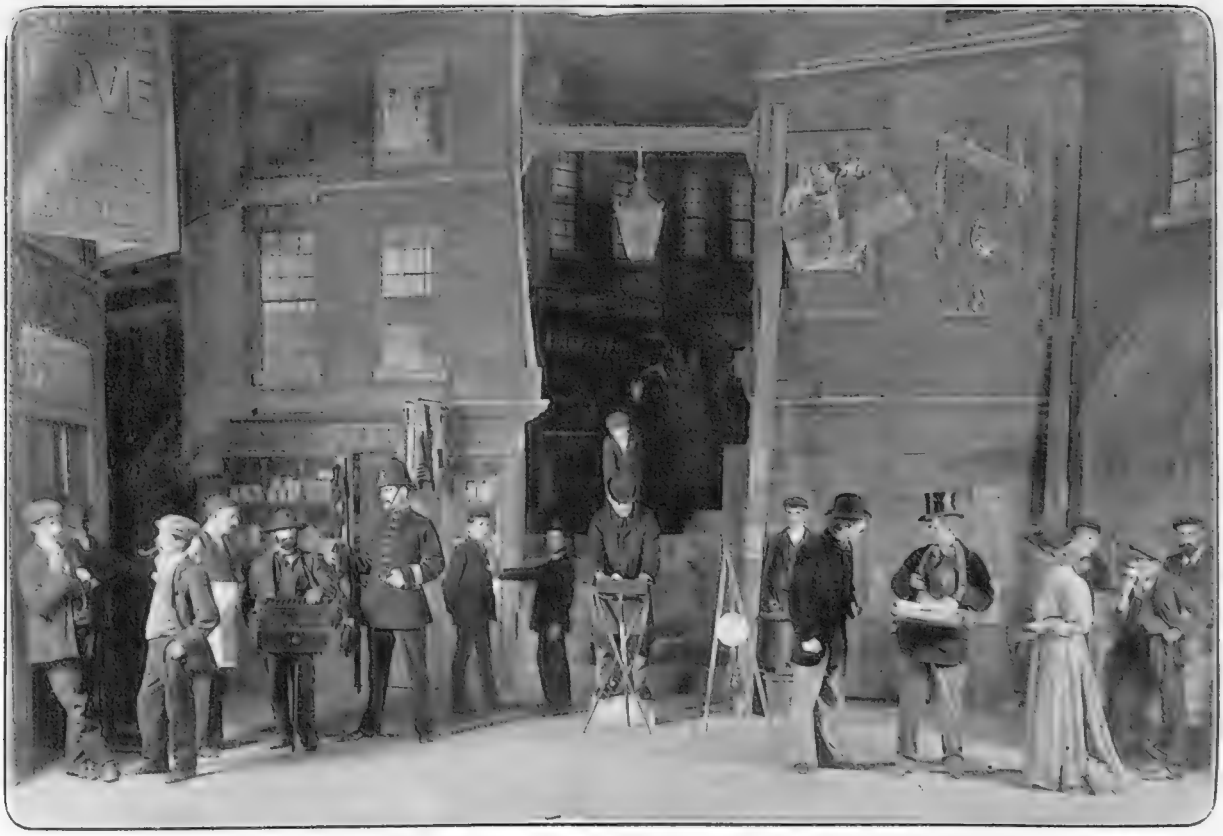
SCENES FROM

"Down Our Alley"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Mr. Arthur Bourchier (*Joe Parrott, a costermonger*) **Miss Celia Powis** (*Sailor Sal*)

Joe's old pals turn from him after he comes out of prison



Photos] **A lively street scene in "Down Our Alley"** [*Ellis and Walery*

There is plenty of life and movement in the staging of *Down Our Alley*. Hawkers, loafers, street-arabs, policemen, costers, bar-keepers occupy the stage, and create an uproar which speaks ill for the amount of quiet enjoyed by the denizens of mean streets

(Continued from page 286)

did—I don't know! I've wondered sometimes whether you understood. . . . We shan't meet any more, and I should like you to know—— "

"Don't!" she exclaimed, thickly. "For heaven's sake!"

"I must," said Wendover—"I loved you dearly!"

They had walked some yards before she answered; her voice was a whisper: "What's the use of saying that to me now?" The bitterness of suffering was in the words—they flared the truth on him, the brutal, annihilating truth.

"My God!" he faltered. "Would it have been any use *then?*"

Her face was colourless. She didn't speak.

"Rhoda, did you care? If—if I had asked you to stay with me, would you have stayed?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me."

"Yes, then, I *would* have stayed!" she said hoarsely. "Whom should I have hurt? I was alone, I had no one to study but myself. I wanted you to ask me. Stayed? I'd have thanked God if you had spoken! You were blind, you *wouldn't* see. And now, when it's too late, you come and say it!"

"I wanted to be straight to you," he groaned. "I sacrificed my happiness to be straight to you—it was damnably hard to do."

"I know. But I didn't want sacrifices—I wanted love. . . . Oh, it's no good our talking about it!" She stopped, and sighed. "We shall both get over it, I suppose."

"*Is* it too late?" pleaded Wendover brokenly.

"Quite! Things aren't the same. Last year I was free to do as I liked. I have no conventions, but I have a conscience—there's my husband to consider now, and—and more, too! I shouldn't be contented like that to-day—I should have injured others. You and I let our chance slide, and we shall never get it back. . . . Smile, and say something about nothing—there are people who know me coming along."

And he did not sleep at the Bell after all. In the next train that left for Euston, a grey-faced man sat, with wide eyes, cursing his own obtuseness. Nor has he met her since. There is, of course, a brighter side to the history—although Rhoda is unhappy, she is happier than she would have remained with Wendover when the gilt was off the gingerbread; and though Wendover will never forget her, he cherishes her memory with more tenderness than he would have continued to cherish the girl.

But neither she nor he realises this, and in Wendover's latest work, one may see the line that has been quoted: "Our bitterest remorse is not for our sins, but for our stupidities."

The reception of the novel was most flattering, and, as usual, the author's insight into the mind of Woman has been pronounced "remarkable."

LEONARD MERRICK.

FOUR LITTLE MAFFICKERS

An Echo of the Boer War: Four children born in Mafeking during the historic siege

Reading from left to right, they are Mabel Regina Evans, John Baden-Powell Dor, Ethel Seymer Aldridge, and Dorothy Siege Chidding. Mafeking, an unknown town seven years ago, has given us the word to "maffick," and now all its inhabitants, more especially the children born during the siege, are citizens of no mean city in the world's estimation. It will be remembered that some time ago we published the picture of another siege baby, Patience Siege Walker, born during the siege of Ladysmith

The Tunbridge Wells Show

1. Jumping the five-barred gate

THE Tunbridge Wells Show seems to grow more popular each year, and the Show just over, the forty-fourth, attracted breeders from all parts. Shire horses made a good display, and several notable animals were included among the stallions and colts, while the hunter, hackney, and polo-pony classes were all well filled. One feature of this Show is always the goats, and this year was no exception to the rule. Taken all round, the quality of the stock exhibited was of a very high order, and the attendance was good on each day. The President for this year was Lord Leconfield

2. Sir Walter Gilbey's Brave Member, "First" Prize Hackney Stallion

Photos *Abrey*

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Correction

In common with many of those who write I occasionally suffer for the sins of others. My latest vicarious suffering has been caused by the appearance in our issue of July 25 of the photograph of J. H. Taylor, who is erroneously described as "Open Champion, 1906." I hasten, on behalf of the real sinner, to offer apologies to James Braid for this robbery of his title, and to Taylor, to whom the mistaken description must have caused poignant emotions. Well might he exclaim, on seeing it, "*Infandum Bystanda jubes renovare dolorem.*" He is looking so pale and timorous in the photograph that he might be said to be aware of the crime and apprehensive of the approach of the redoubtable James armed with his largest and weightiest niblick. Taylor must comfort himself with the thought that the mistake is in the date, and that 1907 should appear instead of 1906 as a delicately complimentary prophecy on the part of THE BYSTANDER.

* * *

Municipal Links

My readers will remember that in an earlier number of this paper I strongly advocated the formation of municipal links in England, on the model of those made by the Corporations of Edinburgh and Glasgow, as a means of bringing the game within the reach of the working classes. I am glad to see that part of the land of Hainault Forest, which has lately been made over to the public, is to be devoted to the laying out of a golf course, and that anyone will be able to play there on payment of a small sum for a daily ticket. This is a good, if small, beginning, but much still remains to be done if golf is to be brought within the reach of the toiling masses of London and other great centres of population in England.

* * *

A Hint to the L.C.C.

I am still waiting for the London County Council to take some action in this direction. If they would devote some of the time occupied by their endless tramway schemes to this problem they would earn the gratitude of all those who have the physical amelioration of the masses at heart. We have been told on august authority to "wake up," and we are now, in many ways, in the position of a nervous man who is constantly tapping himself to discover a hidden ailment, and counting his pulse to know whether it is beating normally or otherwise. If the patient would only get rid of the nervous fears engendered by the counsels of the various public men who insist that he is rapidly degenerating physically and morally, and would turn his attention to healthy exercise in the manner of his forefathers, he need have nothing to fear.

* * *

The Game for the Million

Golf is a game that should appeal to all classes in England as it does in Scotland; but hitherto, unfortunately, the masses have not participated in the game in England. The Labour Party, which has now become such a formidable political body, with a strong representation in Parliament, might do worse than turn their attention to this question of providing a healthy game for the poorer classes. Golf can be played very economically; it is a game which precludes loafing, and which retains the fascinated devotion of its followers when once it has been learned. It can be played at all seasons of the year, and will bring health and vigour to all who play it. As a means of weaning the masses from loitering at public-houses or loafing about at football matches as spectators, I can conceive nothing better than municipal golf courses, where, for a small sum, Tom, Dick, and Harry will be able to enjoy themselves at a noble game, with immense benefit to their health and physique.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Quotations on golf

"There are many chances in a man's favour when he has the worst of the game"

Holidays in Great Britain

III.—GREENORE, CARLINGFORD LOUGH, CO. LOUTH, IRELAND: A CENTRE FOR SPORT AND SCENERY

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

I met a man at Greenore. He had a deliberate manner and a calculating eye. He looked the type of man who has made less than the average number of regrettable mistakes in life. It is fun guessing a man's character and occupation from his appearance. I will qualify this statement. This little pastime of character-guessing is amusing if you happen to be on a holiday. Your relations with the unknown being merely social, no great harm is done if you guess wide of the mark. In business, a mistake in the character of your adversary may cost you dear. I entered into conversation with the man at Greenore.

"How did you happen to hear of this place?" he asked. It was an indirect compliment to Greenore. I told him.

"And you?" He smiled. "I have been considering the advisability of starting a holiday tour at Greenore for the last five years." He gazed through the hotel window at the view of lough and mountain. "I am very glad I came," he said. For such a man this was riotous enthusiasm. Then he told me that his principal amusement in life was golf, but that he liked a little scenery thrown in. This recalled an amusing passage in a book on golf:—"When you are dormy, you can admire the scenery." At Greenore the man who is dormy has much to admire.

Ss. "Galtee More" at Greenore

One of the fine twin-screw vessels which, run in conjunction with the 7.30 express from London (dining car), lands the traveller at Greenore soon after 6.0 a.m. the next morning

The Mountains and their Moods

The mountains make the first claim on his admiration. They topple over each other and almost into the lough, so steep do they rise from the water's edge. Then they are creatures of mood, as lovable when they frown as when they smile. Their caprice must be put down to the mad pranks played them by sun and clouds. The sun will trace the pattern of a feathery cloud on their green slopes. He will robe the distant heights in garments of varied hue, from imperial purple to the most frivolous tints of heliotrope. He will hide, and the bright colours on the mountains will fade to washes of cold blue and

At Carlingford, with a view of Carlingford Peak

Carlingford is but three miles' walk by road from Greenore. Hotel visitors are carried free of charge to all the villages and towns on the Lough. Carlingford is a quaint old town, bearing the marks of history at every turn. In ancient days it was the chief town on the North-Western frontier of the "Pale," being that portion of Ireland which acknowledged English rule during the reign of King John

Sport and Scenery at Greenore

Ballymascanlon River, Bellurgan, Greenore district

Carlingford Lough and Mountain from the golf links

The quaint little town or Carlingford may be seen nestling at the foot of the mountain of the same name. Visitors are pointed out (and some of them can see) the effigy of the giant Finn MacCoul cut in the mountain-top. The legend goes that Finn, challenged to fight by a Caledonian giant, rose in his wrath and hurled a great stone across the Lough (the stone *can* be seen). The effort, however, cost him his life, and he lies now with his face upturned to the heavens

Alpine-Climbing for Golfers

grey. Then the clouds will take a turn in the game, blotting out the dignity of some of the peaks, and elevating others to eerie and fantastic grandeur.

Truly, the mountains of Louth on the South, and across the lough the Mourne Mountains of Down, provide the golfer who is dormy with sufficient to admire. But to Greenore as a centre for sport.

"The Best-Laid Plans," Etc.

In the first place, it is an ideal starting-place for a holiday tour, for the reason that it is attractive enough to upset the most carefully prepared itinerary. A place may be said to have failed which does not keep you dawdling there beyond the period originally apportioned to it You may have planned a tour of the Ulster golf links. It would not surprise me if Newcastle, a few miles along the coast, proved your bourne. You see it is difficult to leave Greenore, and almost impossible to tear yourself away from Newcastle. So, if you are a holiday-maker of the premier class—a light, idle fellow who rejoices in being the shuttlecock of circumstance—I wager you will potter from Greenore to Newcastle, and from Newcastle to Greenore.

Castle Hill, Carlingford
A typical view of an Irish village

To state a cold fact. Greenore is a railway terminus hotel, and its alphabetical symbol is L.N.W.R. Some railway hotels owe their existence to the delicate conscience of the directors. Having taken you by the iron road into the wilderness, the directors feel that they are bound in conscience to provide for you. This railway hotel was erected not as a compensation, but as a delectation. It is as attractive as others are repellent.

"Inclusive" Indeed

The Southern shore of Carlingford Lough, of which Thackeray said such sweet things, juts into a point just inside the entrance, and on this narrow spit of land stands the hotel, a pretty affair in red brick, with a deep verandah along two sides.

The railway people give a very generous definition of the term "inclusive" in connection with the management of their hotel. Residence at the hotel carries with it membership of the Golf Club, which now boasts an 18-hole course, well tended and respectably difficult (I will describe the terrors of the Newcastle course in a minute). You may play tennis and croquet in the grounds. In addition to this, there is a lough steamer at your disposal to take you to sunny Rostrevor, sheltered from all winds but the South; to Warrenpoint, which, if it were not Irish, would put on airs during its development into a watering-place; to Greencastle, which is the first step on the journey to Kilkeel, beloved of fishermen, and thence, by Norton and Co.'s excellent car service, round the coast to Newcastle, respected by golfers.

The links at Newcastle are such as to make even a plus handicap man set his teeth.

Alpine Bunkers

I do not know how the holes are named, but they must have exhausted the Alpine peaks in the christening. The towering natural bunkers fill the onlooker (who is not playing) with unholy joy. It is so amusing to watch an unhappy player doing a mountain-climbing act as a penalty for a pull or a slice. After Newcastle, you will need to return to Greenore, if only to convince yourself that your handicap is not the malevolent imagination of a fiend.

I should advise a turn with the rod to calm your ruffled feelings. The fry have made their welcome appearance, and just outside the hotel you can amuse yourself by pulling mackerel out against your neighbours.

How to get to Greenore? Simplicity itself. Take the 7.30 express from Euston (dining car), and at 6.0 the next morning you will be having breakfast in the hotel and revolving in your mind, as you gaze over lough and mountain, what is to follow—golf, tennis, fishing, or a ramble round.

ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT.

The bungalows adjoining the golf links at Greenore

In addition to their hotel, the London and North Western Railway have built a line of charming bungalows skirting the golf links. These are let to visitors at a moderate rental, and occupation of them carries with it membership of the golf club besides other privileges, such as tennis, croquet, and the use of the Lough steamer

A Tale of a Tub

HIS WEEKLY CROSS

(A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LIEUT.-COLONEL CRAWFORD McFALL)

The Evolution of the Country Cottage—No. III.

MY DISCOVERY AND WHAT I DID WITH IT

By A. WEEKENDER

I Discover My Cottage

Determined to find a country cottage in my favourite county, I went down to look at a house of which I had heard, that happened not to be suitable, and as luck would have it, I came across a cottage which was the very thing I wanted—a dilapidated gamekeeper's lodge, perched on a hill, and surrounded by eight or nine acres of oak trees and bracken.

The walls were lined with cheap paper, the kitchen contained a modern grate, and next to it was a cupboard, which, on examination, I found were fitted into a very large fireplace. Outside the house was a dense belt of nettles as high as one's waist, while a dilapidated and broken pump stood opposite the front door.

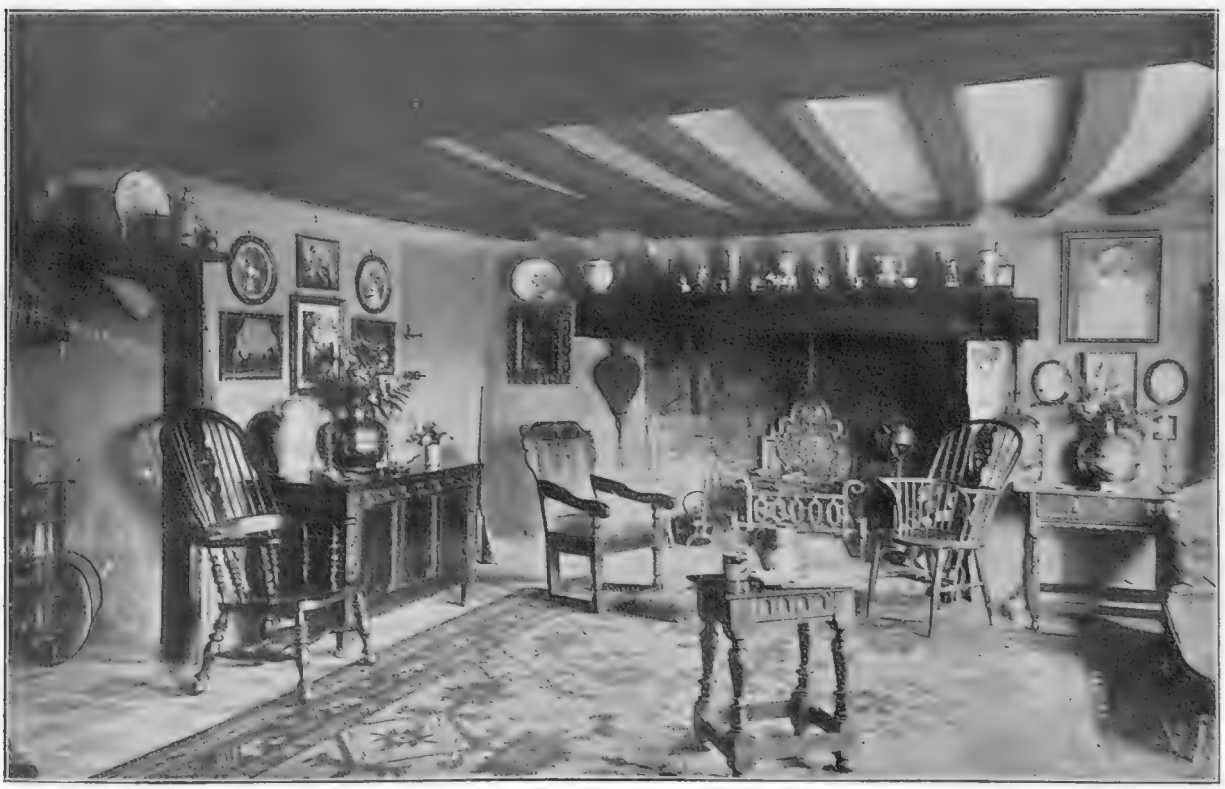
The cottage as evolved at the present time

Few would recognise the cottage as the dilapidated gamekeeper's lodge, surrounded by a forest of nettles, of a year or two ago. Two bedrooms have been added, but few other important alterations have been effected. The pump, copied from an antique original, gives an old-fashioned appearance to the front of the house

Altogether a forlorn picture, but a place with endless possibilities for a lover of the artistic. The purchase was completed without difficulty; a local builder, with good recommendations, was called in. Under the guidance of a budding architect with artistic instincts he soon grasped the situation, and having imbibed much valuable information from Miss Jekyll's clever and admirably illustrated "Old West Surrey," he set to work.

Its Evolution

The "parlour" was converted into a kitchen, and then the old kitchen and scullery were soon knocked into one room, and as some support had to be given to the beam which ran across the ceiling, two old pieces of oak were found in the village by the builder for this purpose. The whitewash was scraped off the rafters, which were then oiled, and now form a very distinctive feature. Then came the dismantling of the grate and cupboard, and there, as I expected, was a huge open fireplace, with great ironstones at the back, and the chimney



Photos *"Bystander" Copyright*

The sitting-room, consisting of the original kitchen and scullery, showing the fine fireplace

The chimney corner had been filled with a cupboard, while, of course, the rafters were whitewashed over. Now, the latter, after being well oiled, form a very distinctive feature, and the fireplace adds the final old-world touch to the room. The fireback was picked up in Oxford Street, while the village blacksmith made the fire-basket from an old pattern. The raised hearth is constructed of old Elizabethan bricks

encrusted with salt, as a result of the bacon-curing in bygone days.

The photograph shows the fireplace as it now is. The old fireback I picked up in Oxford Street; the fire-basket was copied by the village blacksmith from an illustration of an old original in *Country Life*; the raised hearth was added, and built of small Elizabethan bricks, which were dug up and carefully preserved by the workmen when adding the two extra rooms.

Looking over the Kentish hills

The cottage is situated on the top of a hill and commands a delightful view

A Temporary Check

Eventually the fireplace was ready, the wood-fire lighted for the first time, and then the trouble began: the smoke rolled out in volumes, none went up the chimney. We tried guaranteed smoke-curers with no effect. At last, an artist friend suggested louvres up the chimney, which we first tried in wood, and they proved *almost* a success. The next thing was to have them made in iron by our friend the blacksmith, and let down the chimney from the top. There was still a little smoke on gusty days, until another wrinkle was given me to leave the wood ashes; this completed the cure, and there is now nothing to prevent the smoke ascending from the large beech logs piled up in the fire-basket.

Its Surroundings

The old worn tiles and bricks taken up from the floors made capital garden paths, and a new pump, copied from an old original, with a wall round the well, gives an old-fashioned touch to the outside of the house. Two more bedrooms have been added, making five bedrooms in all; the outside walls rough-cast, and the tiles carefully matched with the old ones, a few new paths made with small stones from a neighbouring quarry, and within six months the forlorn cottage has become a delightful week-end retreat.

Except immediately round the house, where a small garden has been laid out, the place has been left wild, and, although just an hour from Town, my family can stroll round in our grounds and see or hear rabbits, pheasants, weasels, nightingales, and wrynecks, to say nothing of any number of blackbirds, tits, thrushes, etc. The ground has been blue with wild hyacinths, and is succeeded by the vivid green of the bracken; and, finally, nothing will induce me to say anything as to its whereabouts.

Photos *"Bystander" Copyright*

Making a path through the bracken

The surroundings have all been left in a natural condition, with the exception of a small garden laid out immediately around the house. The rest of the ground, about eight or nine acres, is covered with oak trees and bracken, and in the Spring with a perfect carpet of wild hyacinths

GAMES AND PASTIMES

New Features at Cowes

By H. S. SCRIVENER

A Revival

Two things combine to make Cowes week specially interesting this year—the revival of first-class racing, and the inclusion in the week's programme of races for schooners only. First-class racing has of late years had a somewhat chequered career. In 1891, it was confidently asserted that the days of the big cutter were numbered, and yet two years later there suddenly sprang into being that fine fleet of four, of which His Majesty's *Britannia* was the best. Once more, however, the class has risen Phœnix-like from its ashes, and the present season has witnessed a revival, not so marked, perhaps, as yet, as that of 1891, but one which is likely to be more permanent, because yacht building has reached such a pitch of perfection that a boat no longer runs the risk, which she did a few years ago, of becoming obsolete. Moreover, the new International Rating Rule, which is to come into force next season, has met with almost universal approbation. It is agreed that it will produce (and has, in fact, produced in anticipation) a type of vessel which is fast without being a mere racing shell, and seaworthy without being a slow-coach, a type, too, which is not likely to be suddenly wiped out by any sudden legislative changes.

Photo *Swaine*

Will she swim the Channel?

Miss Kellerman, the Australian swimmer, who, having been successful in the recent Seine contest, seeks fresh worlds, or rather seas, to conquer by swimming the Channel

This Season's Fleet

When the season opened on the Clyde the fleet consisted of *Kariad*, recently purchased by Sir James Pender, *White Heather*, altered from a yawl to a cutter by Mr. M. B. Kennedy, and *Nyria*, newly built by Nicholson for Mr. Robert Young. To these have now been added Mr. Watjen's beautiful yawl *Navahoe* (formerly *Britannia's* rival), which led the fleet home in the Dover to Ostend match, though she failed to win on time. No less interesting, and certainly no less picturesque, will be the schooner racing, and the cynosure of all eyes will be the German Emperor's famous schooner *Meteor*, actually, though not perhaps relatively, the fastest yacht afloat. The German Emperor, contrary to his previous custom, will not restrict his patronage to the R.Y.S. Regatta, for *Meteor* is also entered for the schooner race on the first day of the Royal Victoria Regatta at Ryde—whereat there is much rejoicing.

"Nyria's" Mishap

The accident to Mr. Robert Young's new cutter, *Nyria*, whose mast was carried away in a heavy blow during one of the races at Ostend Regatta, recalls the similar accident to Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*. It also justifies, to some extent, the attitude of those who condemn hollow steel tubing for masts and spars as new-fangled and dangerous, and aver that there is nothing like good, honest pine; for *Nyria's* mast was a steel tube. But good honest pine goes too, sometimes, and the truth appears to be that steel tubing is strong enough, provided the steel is flawless. In this case there was a flaw close down by the deck, and there was a complete smash. She was at once towed to Gosport, with a string of thirteen winning flags flying from her topsail yard, which had been stepped inside the stump of the broken mast, and it is hoped that she will be ready in time for the racing at Cowes—though there will be no time to build another steel mast. An ordinary pine mast will have to be substituted.

"Kariad's" Conversion

Before her mishap, *Nyria* had proved herself pretty conclusively — witness the thirteen winning flags above alluded to—to be the fastest of the big racers, and, in recognition of this, Sir James Pender has decided to race *Kariad* no more as a cutter. The Y.R.A. time scale is increasingly and designedly hard on cutters over a certain size, because it has come to be recognised that cutters over a certain size are not easy to handle, and, therefore, unsafe boats in crowded waters. *Nyria* is just within the approved limit; in fact, she was built to the rule. *Kariad* is well over it, and was built, as it were, in defiance of the rule. Hence *Kariad* has failed to concede the necessary time to *Nyria* on almost every occasion. Her owner has accordingly decided to alter her to a yawl, so that she may have the benefit of the allowance given to yawls, which sail at 94 per cent. of their actual rating. As a cutter *Kariad* sailed at nearly 95 rating. As a yawl she will come out under 88, and instead of having to allow *Nyria* 20 seconds a mile, will only have to allow her 10. It is conceivable that she may turn out at Cowes to be as fast as a yawl as she was as a cutter.

Miss Corelli's "Treasure of Heaven"

By VIVIAN CARTER

First the Photograph

Of one thing there can be no possible doubt—Miss Corelli's latest, *The Treasure of Heaven*, gives wonderful value for the money (6*s.*: Constable and Co.). As a purchaser of the volume (*no* review copies whatsoever are vouchsafed to the Press by the author), I can testify to this with whole heart.

First, and foremost, it contains, as a frontispiece, literature's fiercest desire, art's utmost need—a portrait, an authorised photograph of the author, not one of those "invented sketches purporting to pass as true likenesses of me"; "libellous, fictitious misrepresentations, circulated throughout Great Britain and the Colonies and America by certain 'lower' sections of the pictorial press," of which Miss C. speaks in her preface—those two and a half pages of pure Corelli, in which the author's bashful sincerity and comely love (for the Press) finds such soothing expression.

Then the "Plot"

But to the book. The—er—plot of *The Treasure of Heaven* may not in itself be of great value, or originality. It is just a Corellian theme—a millionaire (Corellian millionaire, you know), David Hemsley, aged seventy, proposes to Lucy Sorrel, a young damsel (Corellian damsel), aged twenty-one. She accepts him, candidly confessing that "it would be perfectly idiotic to refuse such a rich man, even if he were Methuselah himself." David is disillusioned. Had she refused him, he would have left her in his will all his millions. Then he disappears—from Society, not, of course, from the book. Had he done that, we shouldn't have had our money's worth. For Miss C. takes her David down to Somersetshire, where he remains for four hundred and forty-six solid pages, disguised as a tramp, his intention being to find someone he can love and on whom he can inflict the curse of his wealth. At the end of it he makes a will, and leaves the burden to a nice lady of thirty-five, one Mary, who had been kind to him on his being taken ill, and who had given him basket-making to do, and who is fond of a Scotch gentleman of literary tendencies, named Angus—and dies.

And the Padding

If nothing very much happens in the four hundred and forty-six pages wherein the millionaire rusticates, Miss C. well makes up for her lack of incident by other familiar devices. At the beginning of every chapter the weather is doing something or another to the scenery which enables her to work in three of four pages of good Corelli nature-description. Then, when she has finished with that, she manages to make her village people talk about themselves at such amazing length (and in such an amazing dialect), that the bones of the skeleton plot but rarely protrude noticeably. If, however, the reader should feel at all that he is not getting his six shillings'-worth of story, there is no question that Miss C. gives ample make-weight in another way. By judicious use of various characters she is able to disgorge a series of diatribes on her pet subjects—a combination of mighty atoms which in the mass are terrifying.

With Some Flouts and Gibes (Selected)

ROYALTY:

"The Royal people," says sweet Lucy Sorrel, "only speak to their own special set, and not always the best-looking or the best-mannered set either. . . . I see so much of Royalty privately in the dens of finance."

A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY WOMAN:

"A thoroughly bad woman. False to her husband, false to her children, and false to herself. And disloyal to her King. And having turned on her own family and her own class, she seeks to truckle to the people under pretence of serving *them*, while all the time her sole object is to secure notoriety for herself. She is a shame to England."

MODERN "LADIES":

"They've gone back to sheer barbarism in the frantic ugliness of their performances at hockey, and they've taken to the repulsive vices of Charles the Second's time, and other immoralities."

MODERN YOUNG MEN:

"Imagine national affairs carried on in the country by its young men! The Empire would soon become a mere football for general kicking."

THE CHURCH:

"Religion is made a mere Party system. . . . Christ—the grand, patient, long-suffering Ideal—is gone from it. Our Bishops in England truckle to Rome—and Rome itself is employing every possible means to tamper with the integrity of the British Constitution."

A MOTORING NOBLEMAN (*loquitur*):

"I'm too fond of my own life to run any risk of losing it. Other people's lives don't matter so much."

"We're always running over something or other, aren't we, Brookie?" (Brookie is the proprietor of a halfpenny newspaper).

"If things will get into our way we can't wait till they get out. We're bound to ride over them."

"It's really quite absurd for anyone of common sense to argue that a motorist can, could, or should pull up every moment for the sake of a few stray animals, or even people."

When Miss C. talks about the sensationalism and pandering to depraved popular taste of the modern Press, who shall deny that she speaks as one having authority, as an expert in the use of the weapons she so sternly condemns?

But it is a wonderful six shillings'-worth.

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

FICTION

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable: 6*s.*)

In the Service of Love. By Richard Marsh. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Mystery of Magdalen. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (John Long: 6*s.*)

The Defenceless Islands. By L. Cope Cornford. (E. Grant Richards: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Confessions of an Anarchist. (E. Grant Richards.

Doings in the Doggy World

INTERNATIONAL GUN DOG TRIALS—THE ROYAL ULSTER SHOW

At Lanark

The Autumn Gun Dog Trials have already begun, and are now in progress all over the country. The principal event is the meeting of the International Gun Dog League, which has been held on the Earl of Home's fine moors at Castle Douglas, Lanark A very fine entry was noted, and grouse were numerous. The work of the dogs all round was quite up to the proper standard, and special credit attaches to Colonel Cotes' dogs—most of whom are named after his estate, Pitchford, Salop. We give his photograph on this page.

At Belfast

The Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, held at Belfast, has been one of the most successful during recent years, and all the classes were well filled, numerous entries being received from across the Channel. The Society is fortunate in the fine ground they have obtained at "Balmoral," which goes no little way towards assuring the success of the Show.

Photo *Montague Dixon*

Col. C. Cotes, one of the leading gun dog experts

Col. Cotes' dogs figured prominently at the recent International Gun Dog Trials at Lanark

The Dog Show—a new feature for Belfast—amply justified the most sanguine hopes of its promoters, and there is every reason to believe that it will soon be classed in the first rank of such competitions. Many valuable prizes were given, and cross-Channel exhibitors were attracted to this class also.

The Silver Cup for the best dog in the Show was won by Mrs. W. A. Lindsay's Newfoundland, "Milk Boy," Mr. John Mitchell's Irish terrier, "Sir Edward," being second. A special prize for the best puppy was won by Mr. F. A. Robinson's fox-terrier pup, "Ulidia Koh-i-noor."

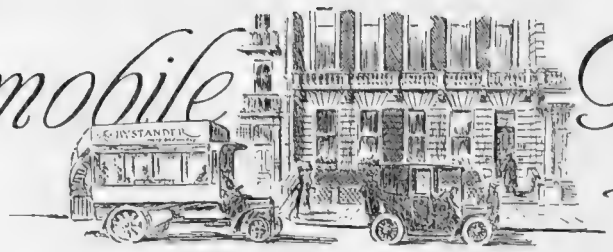
A New Departure

This Show has taken a very original step, which might well be copied in other parts of the United Kingdom. At six o'clock on the afternoon on which the dogs were judged, complete catalogues were on sale on the ground, giving the results of over two hundred entries, which is surely a record of which the printers, a local firm, may well be proud.

Photo] **The Royal Ulster Show: Mrs. Crossfield judging the spaniel class** *[Lafayette*

The Royal Ulster Agricultural Society held its annual Show at Belfast recently, when all classes were well filled, many entries being received from England as well as Ireland

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Scottish Trials Report

It is on all sides conceded that the work performed during the last two or three years by the Scottish Automobile Club has been of inestimable value to the cause of automobile advancement. The careful preparation and remarkable attention to detail bestowed by Mr. Robert J. Smith, C.A., Honorary Secretary of the Western Section of the Scottish Club, upon the reliability trials for touring cars, and the whole-hearted support which the various members of Committee rendered from the inception of the scheme, quickly enlisted the intelligent appreciation of the motoring body politic, with the result that the "Scottish Trials" came to be regarded as the most important automobile event of the year in these islands. In the report on these trials—which, as BYSTANDER readers will remember, were described in these columns on June 20 — that has just been issued, the same painstaking thoroughness and exactitude are everywhere apparent. The great popularity of the event, the very large entry, and the remarkable number of first-class performances achieved, rendered the work of awarding the coveted gold medals one of extreme difficulty. The Committee, however, has arrived at decisions which, to all who participated in the four days' tour, must appear to be eminently fair. A maximum of 1,000 marks in each class, according to chassis price, was set up as the standard of attainment, and was so sub-divided that for reliability 800 marks were apportioned, for hill-climbing power 100, and for economy in fuel consumption 100 marks. On this basis the gold medals have been awarded. Class 1 (chassis price not exceeding £200), 9-10 h.-p. Swift car, total 995·5 marks, comprising, reliability 799 marks, fuel consumption 100 marks, and hill-climbing ability 96·5 marks. In Class 2, for cars the chassis price of which does not exceed £350, the medal goes to the 12-15 h.-p. Arrol-Johnson, with a total of 964·8, of which 794 are for reliability, 94·9 for fuel economy, and 75·9 for hill-climbing. Class 3, for chassis costing between £350 and £500, brought forward the 12-16 h.-p. Wilson-Pilcher, a comparatively newcomer, which, however, has already made many friends. It secured a total of 958·9 marks, 800 being awarded for reliability, 91·8 for fuel, and

London's traffic problem

Three hundred of these motor-cabs, which are driven on the front axle, are to be placed on the streets of London. The "Pullcars," as they are termed, can be turned in a 24ft. roadway without reversing

G.N.R.

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR GOLFERS.

The Great Northern Railway provides an EXPRESS DINING-CAR SERVICE to the

GOLFING HOLIDAY RESORTS

OF

CROMER, SHERINGHAM, WOODHALL SPA, SKEGNESS, SCARBOROUGH, HARROGATE, ALNMOUTH, NORTH BERWICK, ST. ANDREWS, and ALL SCOTLAND.

LUXURIOUS CORRIDOR TRAINS.

TOURIST AND HOLIDAY TICKETS.

Apply to any Great Northern Agency for Golfers' Guide and full particulars, or write to the Chief Passenger Agent at King's Cross, London, N.

OLIVER BURY, *General Manager.*

WHY?

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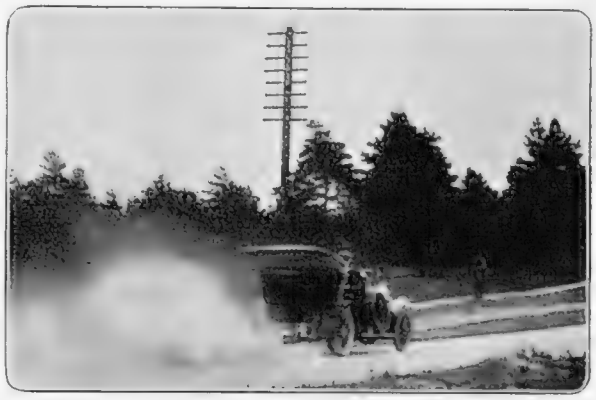
67·1 for hill-climbing. In this class a very good second was run by the 15 h.-p. Darracq, which scored 800 for reliability, 77·4 for fuel, 80·0 for hill-climbing, or 957·4 marks in all. In the next class, for cars costing from £500 to £650, premier honours go to the 20-32 h.-p. Special Darracq, with 975·3 marks, allocated as 800 for reliability, 75·3 for fuel consumption, and 100 for hill-climbing power. The final class, for any make of car, the chassis of which is listed at more than £650, results in the 25-36 h.-p. Brasier coming out on top, its aggregate of marks being 977·6, of which 793 are for reliability, 100 for fuel consumption, and 84·6 for hill climbs. In addition to these awards the Scottish Cup, for the vehicle showing the lowest fuel consumption per ton mile over the whole distance of 750 odd miles, goes to the 10 h.-p. Darracq, with a consumption of ·02395 gallons per ton mile, equal to 41·7 ton miles per gallon of fuel consumed, or 38·1 road miles to the gallon. As the list of cars which secured full marks for reliability, or, in other words, which made "non-stop" runs throughout, is instructive. I give it here: In Class 1, 9-10 h.-p. Cadillac. Class 2, 16 h.-p. Albion and 16 h.-p. Maxwell. Class 3, 12-16 h.-p. Wilson-Pilcher, 15 h.-p. Darracq, 14-22 h.-p. Germain, 16-20 h.-p. Sunbeam, 15 h.-p. Siddeley, 16-20 h.-p. Argyll, 15 h.-p. De Dion. Class 4, 20-32 h.-p. Special Darracq, 24-30 h.-p. New Arrol-Johnson, 30-40 h.-p. Belsize, 28 h.-p. Spyker, 25 h.-p Siddeley, 18 h.-p. Gladiator, 28 h.-p. Pipe, 18-24 h.-p. Peugeot, 25-30 h.-p. Iris, 30 h.-p. Bell, 20-30 h.-p. Pilain. Class 5, 28-36 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth and 30 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce. It will be noted from these figures that only in Classes 3 and 4 did the Gold Medallist secure the maximum number of marks for reliability, although in Class 1 the little Swift car lost but one point on this head, and actually came out with the greatest aggregate in the entire competition.



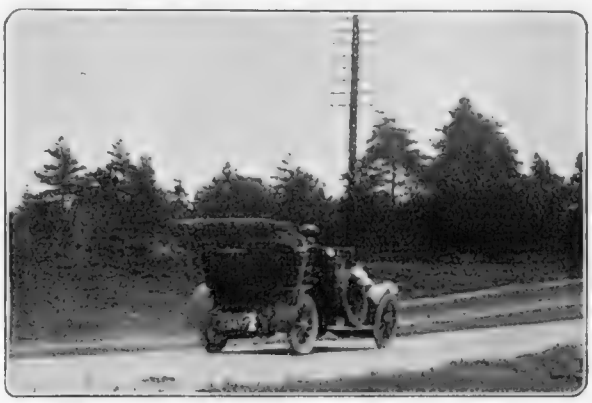
Dust distribution

This illustration shows the normal dust cloud raised on a dry road by a well-appointed touring car

* * *

Diminution of Dust

Referring to the suggestions which have been made by The Bystander as to partial abatement of the dust nuisance, Mr. S. F. Edge writes:—"In common with most of your motoring readers, I have been much interested in the publicity which has been given to the question of dust and the causes of dust raising by motor-cars and other road vehicles, and I have recently conducted some experiments with the view of determining the best means of dust prevention. These experiments have been conducted with a 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier car capable of considerable speed, which, however, owing to the smooth and continuous torque of the six-cylinder engine and the fitting of well-designed underguard, is not so dusty as other less evenly running cars. It has been stated by so widely recognised an authority as Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman that 'More dust is raised by cars on a rough road than on an equally dusty road, if it be smooth, at an equal speed of travelling.' This, from practical tests, I found true, therefore the thing to do was to see in what way one could so alter the car as to make it more independent of the smoothness of the road, and, on this point, I was led to make experiments by noticing last year, at the races at Brighton, how the six-cylinder Napier Racer seem to glide, and did not bounce like other cars which were running. Many people had an idea that it was some particular construction of the car, and though this may have been so to a certain extent, the main reason I have found from tests was the result of the 'Napier Road Equaliser'—a very simple device which Mr. Napier designed for use on racing cars—which I have now been trying very carefully on touring cars. The effect of these equalisers is to keep the wheels in contact with the ground, so that they follow the ground rather than leap, as it were, from hillock to hillock, which is the effect when driving on a car with properly designed flexible springs without road equalisers. I enclose you two photographs, which show you a 60 h.-p. six-cyclinder Napier being driven over the same road, under exactly the same condition, at speeds well up to the legal limit, the only difference being that in one case the road equalisers are left loose and inoperative, and in the other they are screwed up and operating. This test very fully bears out all Mr. O'Gorman said on this subject.



Dust prevention

This photo shows the same car travelling under exactly similar conditions, but with Mr. Napier's road equaliser in working order

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5. Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, 30-40 h.-p. Daimler, fitted with Continentals.
6. Mr. J. E. Hutton, 40 h.-p. Berliot, fitted with Continentals.
7. Mr. Cecil Edge, 45 h.-p. Napier, fitted with Continentals.
8. Mr. H. P. MacConnell, 24 h.-p. Rapid, fitted with Continentals.
10. Mr. P. A. Wilkens, 28-36 h.-p. Daimler, fitted with Continentals.

The fact that Nine Cars out of Eleven which started on Saturday last for the Henry Edmunds Trophy were fitted with

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A. J. W.

"Another point referred to read as follows:—'Cars fitted with engines having an insufficient fly-wheel or an un-uniform turning effort from any cause are more dusty.' On this point I was able to try two very powerful cars, one a six-cylinder and the other a four-cylinder, both had the same clearance underneath, both chainless drive, and in the case of the six-cylinder it had to travel at nearly twenty miles an hour faster than the four-cylinder car to get approximately the same dust effect.

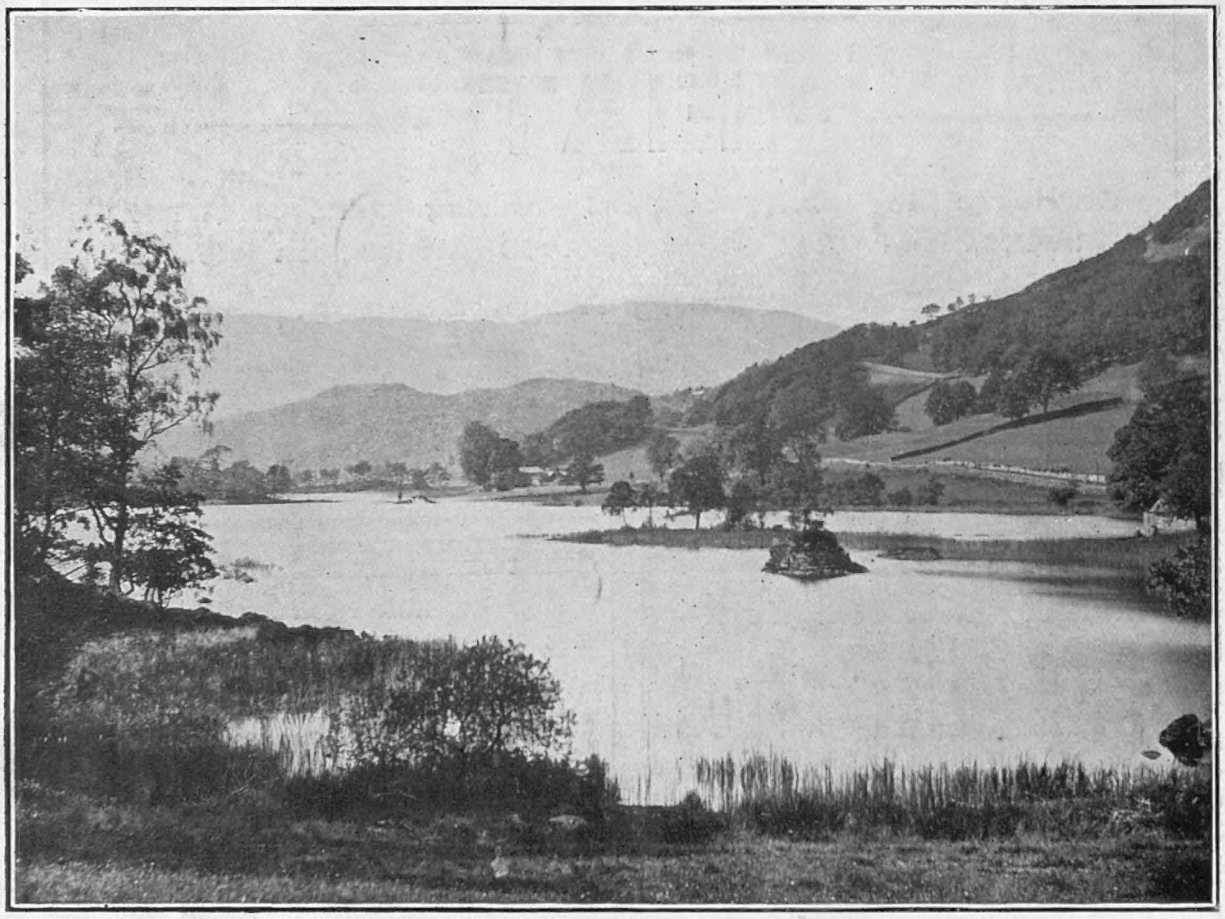
"Another point is that, 'Cars whose chassis are mounted on very easy springs, having a lot of up-and-down travelling, will suck up the dust with each rise and fall of the body on rough roads.'

"We cannot hope for all roads to be made smooth and regular for us; everyone who drives a motor-car hates the dust that is raised, and therefore it is, I think, the duty of every user to obtain some form of shock absorber or road equaliser which will at any given speed up to thirty-five miles an hour reduce the dust behind a car by at least 50 per cent., simply by making the wheels stick closer to the ground and not bounce.

"Of course, the very smooth turning effort of the six-cylinder naturally makes a rather dustless car, and in the second photograph you will see that I got up sufficient speed to raise dust, and then took this as a standard, and ran with the road equalisers tightened up at same speed, with the result that practically no dust was raised."

Miscellanea

We publish this week a photograph of Rydal Water. The Lake District deservedly commands high estimation from automobilists, because, in addition to excellent roads, and scenery unsurpassed for beauty and variety, accommodation is up-to-date and reasonable in price. It is truly regrettable, therefore, that in so desirable a country, no less than a dozen police-traps are now being worked to the detriment, not only of the over-twenty-miles-an-hour motorist, but the best interests of the district and its inhabitants. "Where only man is Vile," might well be inscribed as a motto on such roads as those leading from Penrith to Patterdale, or from Kendal to Windermere, the *personnel* of the villains being of course matter of opinion.—A new type of motor-cab, as illustrated in this week's BYSTANDER, is to make a bid for popular favour in London in a few weeks' time. The cab in question is driven directly on front axle, has a 14 h.-p. four-cylinder Fafnir engine, can carry four passengers, in addition to the driver, and can be turned in a 24 ft. road. Fares will be at existing tariff rates.—During the shooting season the cyclist scouts of the "A. A." will be on duty along the Great North Road to Scotland from Barnet to Dunbar. Colonel W. J. Bosworth, chairman of the Automobile Association, and Mr. Walter Gibbons, of "Cold Blow," Burgh Heath, will personally inspect the arrangements made by Mr. Stenson Cooke, whose address is 18, Fleet Street, E.C.



"Where only man is Vile"

Roads about Rydal Water, and those intersecting the Lake District generally, are at the moment infested by police-traps. One is in operation on the road seen to the right of the picture

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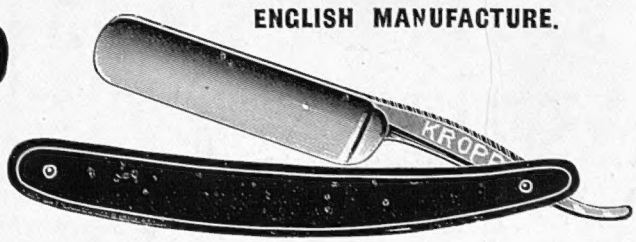

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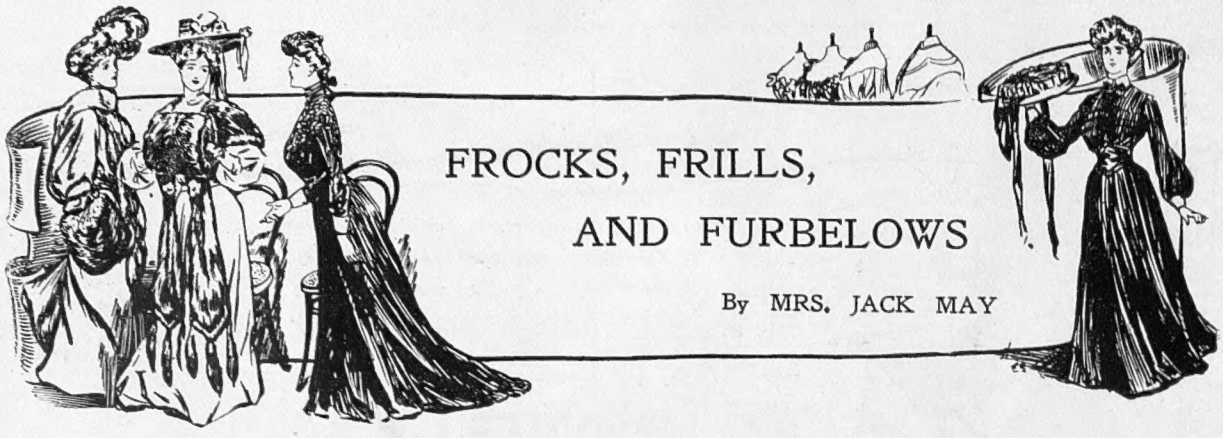

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

When these words appear in print we shall have ceased to ask each other where we are going. We shall have gone, each to his or her own particular fancy in the way of a holiday pursuit. And the kind fates only grant we shall not have to pay too dearly for the glories of July. Probably the backslidings of previous Augusts is chiefly responsible for the run on hardy knockabout suits and waterproof wraps. But, be the cause what it may, the fact remains that there has been, and still is, a magnificent sale for tailored goods.

Some Fallacies

It is always in some sort gratifying to find an original conclusion verified; it affords one courage to continue to break down fallacies that are not borne out by fact. And so it was with linens. Just a few of us dared to lift up a protesting voice against the delusion that linen was to be counted among the fabrics of genuinely cool character, verification of the statement coming with the news, how several quite new designs are being evolved for autumn exclusively of linen. A procedure by no means to be sneered at is a linen coat for alternate wear with the customary tweed during the early days on the moors, when the sun is still sufficiently high in the heavens to be distinctly distressing at times. But these specially devised early autumn linens come as a real innovation.

Then a small theory of mine, personally tested and found trustworthy, is the comfort of a navy serge gown, that is not a coat and skirt, for seaside wear and motor touring. The skirt and shirt theory, with accompanying coat, is very fine in the abstract, but

A River Confection

Of white sheer linen, trimmed with Madeira work in the natural blue shade, and bows of black taffeta. The hat is trimmed with *chêne* ribbon and touches of chestnut tulle

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)